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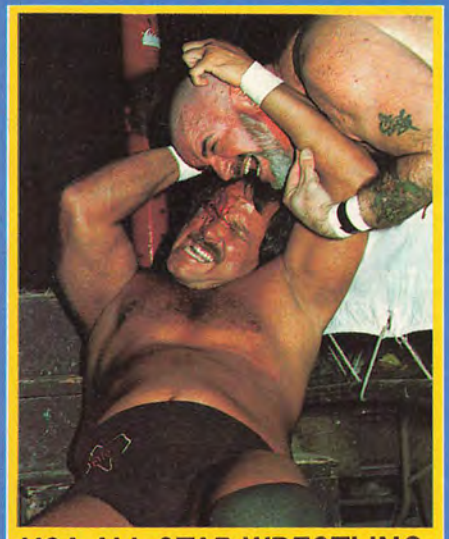

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NOVEMBER '86, VOL. 5, NO. 1

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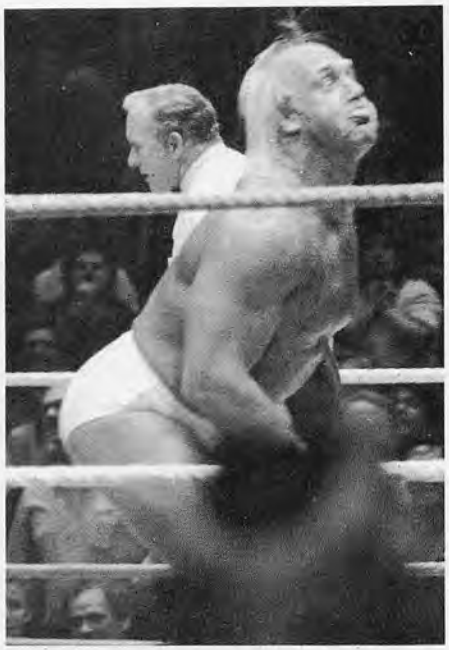

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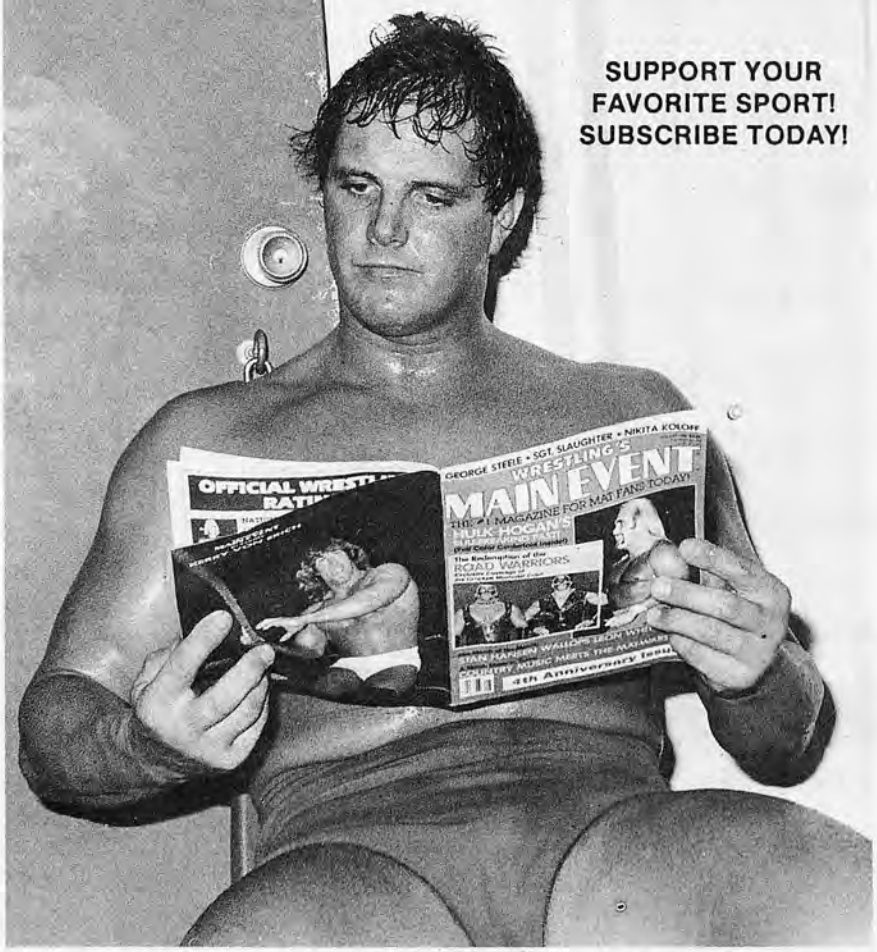

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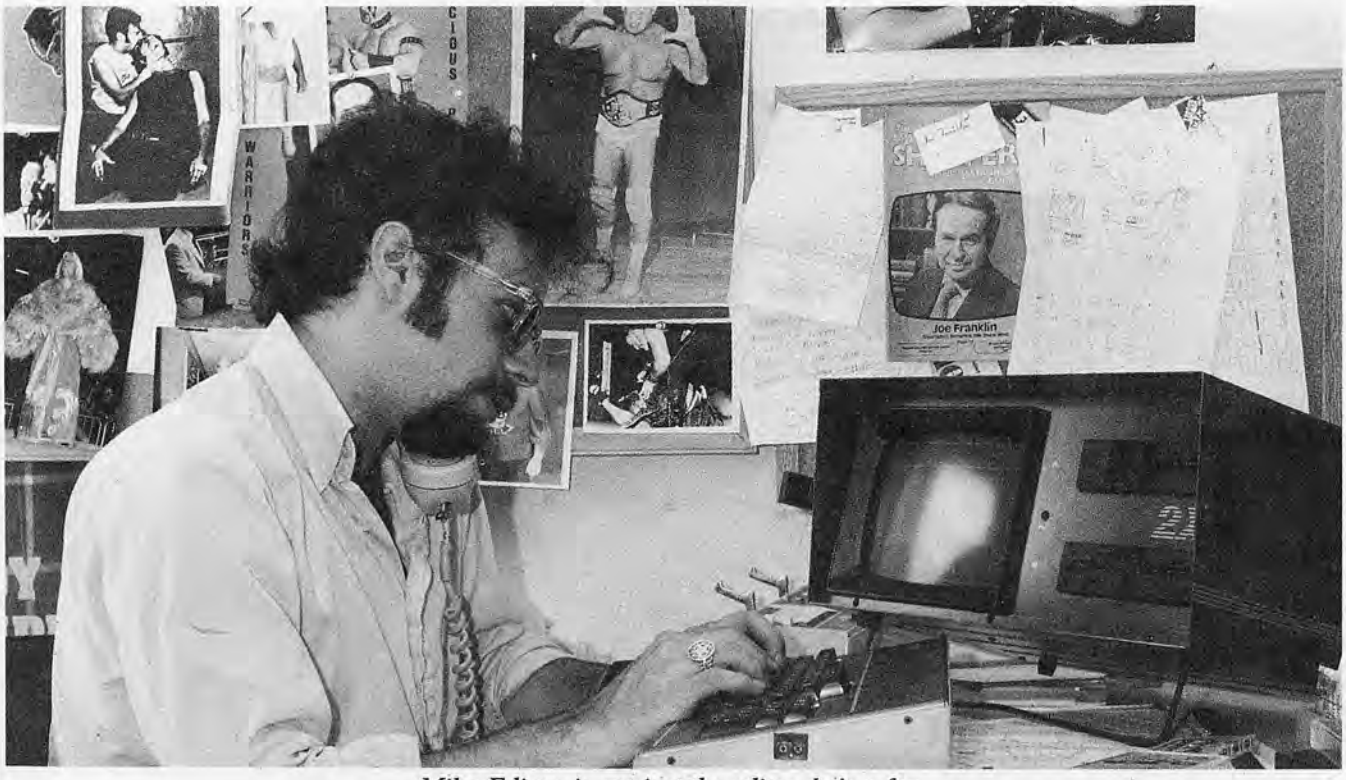

Photo by Jim Schuermann

Mike Edison is not just the editor, he's a fan.

By MIKE EDISON

It doesn't get any better than this. What you've got in your hands right now is the Number One Magazine for Mat Fans Today. Period. No other magazine even comes close. First of all, our photographers and writers are the best in the business. Thumb through the pages and you'll see more high quality pix and more color than any other magazine on the stands. And when you get through oggling the shutter work of Cathy Dixson, Bill Otten, Robert Riddick, Stu Kaplan and a host of others, you'll read the most literate, entertaining and informative wrestling journalism ever. And it keeps getting better. We've just added veteran wrestler Digger Molloy to our illustrious staff and while former editor Jeremy Tepper is trouncing around Europe counting the days until he's allowed back into the WME office we've made Jim Schuermann, who has contributed to every major wrestling publication in the United States, the Associate Editor. And with the hard-boiled brain of Art Burns, the pristine prose of Matthew Barton and the female insights of Monica Lisben, our office is a Pro-Wrestling think tank rivaled only by the Pentagon.

As the new editor of this magazine, I promise you MAIN EVENT will continue to cover all the hottest names in wrestling in a thorough and imaginative fashion that makes our competition cringe with jealousy. We have what they don't; a staff of professional journalists and photographers that are very, very special. They're not just wrestling reporters, they're wrestling fans, and that's what makes WME the finest Pro-Wrestling magazine available. Where other magazines are satisfied hiring freelance writers who can hack out semi-literate articles about any wrestler they've never even seen, the staff of WME cares about all aspects of Wrestling. We love it. We love to watch it on TV and we love to go out to the arena and scream like maniacs for our favorite grapplers. We love wrestling with a passion and it shows in the pages of our magazine. We're just not soldiers of fortune, mercenaries out to make a buck. We do what we do because we care.

Now I've been called a rulebreaker before, and those of you who are regular readers of WME know where I stand, but as the new editor I think I should make myself clear. Put simply, I don't like mediocre wrestling. I like brutality coupled with the devastating grace of a properly executed Neckbreaker. I like winners and I don't mind if they get cocky about winning. And as a winner, as the new champion of WME, I just might get haughty myself, but I guarantee, I'll never let you, the fan, down. Ever. Like I said, I'm not just the editor of a wrestling magazine, I'm a wrestling fan. And that makes all the difference. ■

LETTERS
To The Editor

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO EDISON

I'd like to congratulate Mike Edison on his piece entitled "Kevin Sullivan's Fall from Grace" in your September issue. A parishioner who happens to be a devout wrestling fan brought it to my attention recently, and I was fascinated with Mr. Edison's graphic depiction of a man's soul in torment. *So* impressed, in fact, that I temporarily set aside the Gospel and quoted from his piece at length during one of my sermons.

I know very little about Mr. Sullivan himself, other than the fact that he seems to have been dabbling in devil worship for some time now. I hope he realizes that a man's soul is in constant flux during his existence here on earth; the struggle Mr. Edison describes will not resolve itself and end. Even the most pious man is constantly battling the darkest chambers and temptations of his soul.

Rev. Dr. Curtis Sloane
Skinnerfield, KY

"The Kevin Sullivan Saga," penned by Mike Edison, has gone from the newstand to the pulp.

ANGST OVER ANDRE

I always knew that Andre the Giant had toe cheese between his ears, but I never accused him of being corrupt and deceitful. But the mutant has overstepped the boundaries of ring decorum with his behavior over the past few months.

First, he skips a series of contracted matches, and expects the WWF to cover up for him because he's a big star. When the Championship Committee quite properly throws the book at him, he sulks off and gets his old Giant Machine mask out from under his bed and expects us to believe he's a Jap. His partner, the Masked Superstar, undoubtedly advised him to confuse matters by showing footage of the two of them wrestling in Japan, but any true fan knows Andre wrestles there all the time anyway.

I don't blame the Masked Superstar for this superficial chicanery, since he must be appropriating a hefty slice of Andre's trust fund for his role in the farce. But what really irks me is that Neanderthal placing himself above his contractual obligations. I guess the WWF didn't think the "X" he scrawled on their papers would stand up as a legal document in court.

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WME's PHOTO ACTION ALBUM was a landmark publication presenting the serious wrestling fan with the opportunity to own the first publication dedicated to capturing the greatest wrestlers in that fleeting moment when they're at their brutal high flying best.

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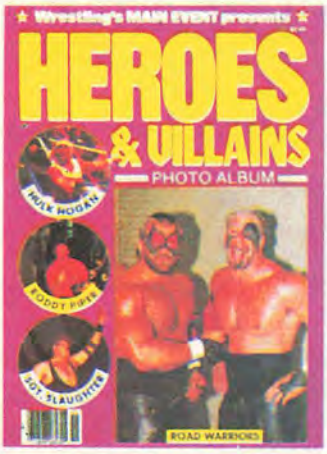

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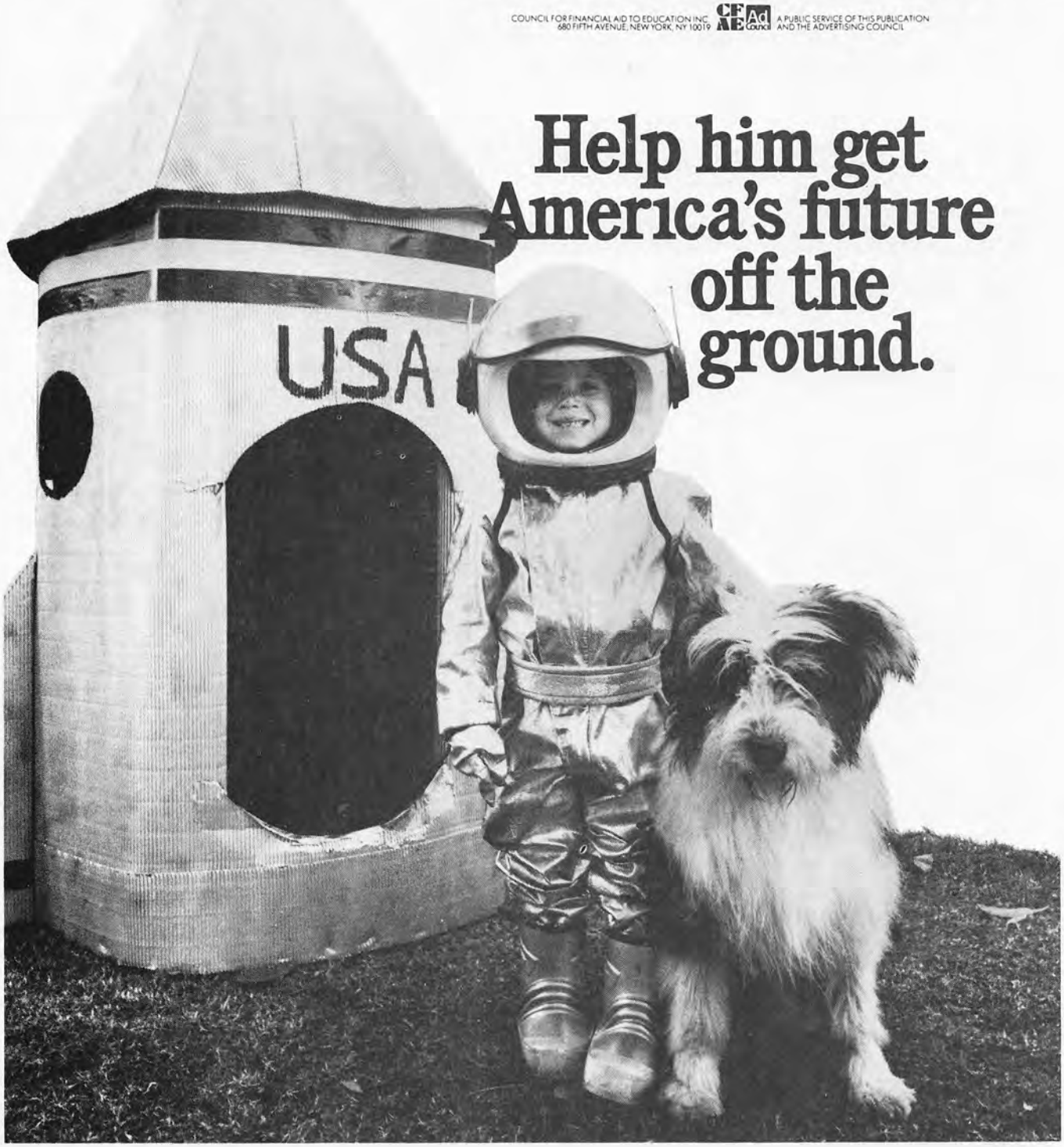

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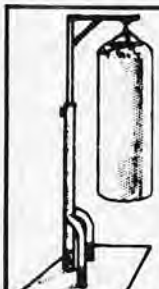

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Somebody put Andre to sleep, before it's too late. Success has made a monster out of a monster.

Gary Lansing
Kenosha, WI

MR. #1DERFUL, PRO

God bless you, Mr. Wonderful!!!

I cheered and laughed heartily when I saw you piledrive that bleached airhead who dares to call himself a champion. At first I wanted to kiss your luscious buns for finally coming to your senses, but when I found out you'd rehired Bobby Heenan as your manager, I realized the truth. You must have been working for Heenan all along!!! Clever thinking, gorgeous!!!

I remember when Jimmy Valiant pretended to be Chief Jay Strongbow's buddy boy (pee yoo!!!) when he was secretly ancient Indian technique for the sleeperhold and passing it on to the Grand Wizard (RIP). Did you learn anything from Hogan that you, or Bundy and Studd, could use to cripple the chump?

Marry me, Paul. You've restored my faith in the greatness of true men.

Julie Simpler
New York, NY

AND CON

I haven't seen such a pathetic sight since Larry Zbyszko sucker-punched Bruno Sammartino with a chair.

Zbyszko and Orndorff were both jealous of men who reached the pinnacle of the sport. Both were attacked by loudmouths in serious need of extensive psychotherapy.

It just goes to show that like any corporation executive, a wrestler can't afford to make friends in this business. It's every man for himself. Hulk Hogan is one of the three or four honorable men in wrestling, but he better learn how to be lonely fast before somebody breaks his neck.

Magda Carlin
Philadelphia

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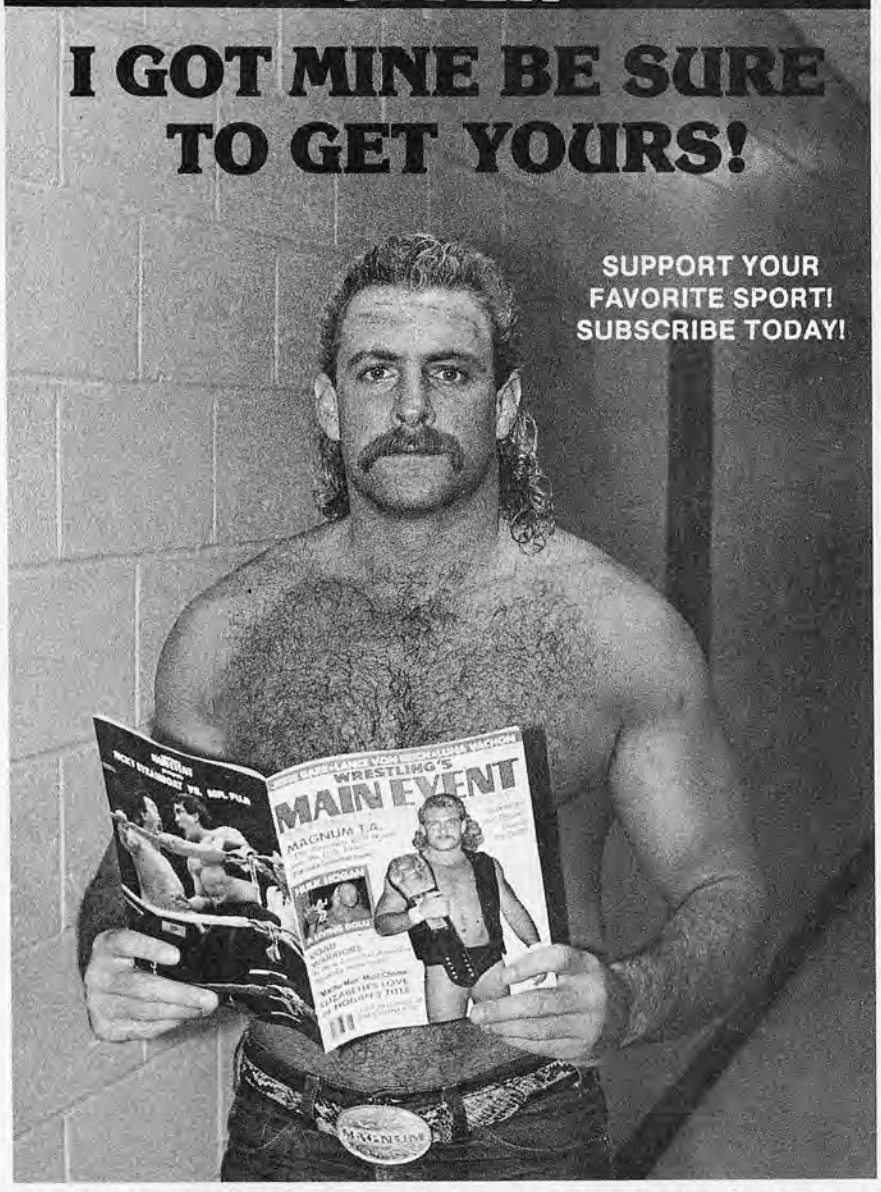

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EDITOR'S ENEMY

I have two words to describe my reaction to Jeremy Tepper's "Editor's Corner" and Mike Edison's "Heart Punch" in your September issue: Who, and Cares.

When I pick up a wrestlng magazine, I want to read about what's happening in the ring. If I wanted childish ranting and raving among adults wearing neckties, I'd watch C-Span on cable. (*Congressional hearings on C-Span*—ed.)

Why don't you two clowns grow up and resume being journalists? Though judging from your respective photographs, you two aren't far past voting age anyway. No wonder you write like hyperactive adolescents.

Dennis Doran
Kansas City, MO

DOES WRESTLING HAVE SOUL?

Am I supposed to be concerned about the "soul-searching" that a slime like Kevin Sullivan is doing ("Kevin Sullivan's Fall from Grace," Sept. '86)? The jerk doesn't have a soul to begin with. And what is this soap operative "To Be Continued" garbage?

I want results, analysis, in-depth interviews, etc. in *WME.* If I wanted an exorcism I'd rent a video and watch Linda Blair vomit. Which is considerably more enlightening than this mystical Mike Edison garbage you've foisted on the readers.

Carl Jones
Irving, TX

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A no holds barred look at Professional Wrestling, straight from the heart!

By MIKE EDISON

Ahhh. . . since giving Terry Allen a haircut (*WME* Aug. '86) the hate mail has been pouring in like acid rain and I love it. Every day I look forward to seeing a seething pile of mail on my desk and everyday our publisher wonder why I'm wearing such a sick grin. Here's why:

Dear Jerk,
You are scum.
Sincerely,
Donna Brewster, Hoboken, JN

Thanks Donna. Well put.

Dear Mr. Edison,
Who the hell do you think you are? Magnum T.A.'s hair looks great . . . what about all those other long-haired wrestlers? And what about Jeremy Tepper's hair? It looks stupid and so do you. Why don't you take a pair of scissors to your face.
Tim McFarlin, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Mr. Edison,
After reading the results of your match with Mr. Tepper I lowered my head in prayer. He's right—you are "self-righteous rulebreaking scum." I can't wait until he gets back and boots your behind right out of your Empire State Building window.
Maggie Schafer, Kansas City, Kansas

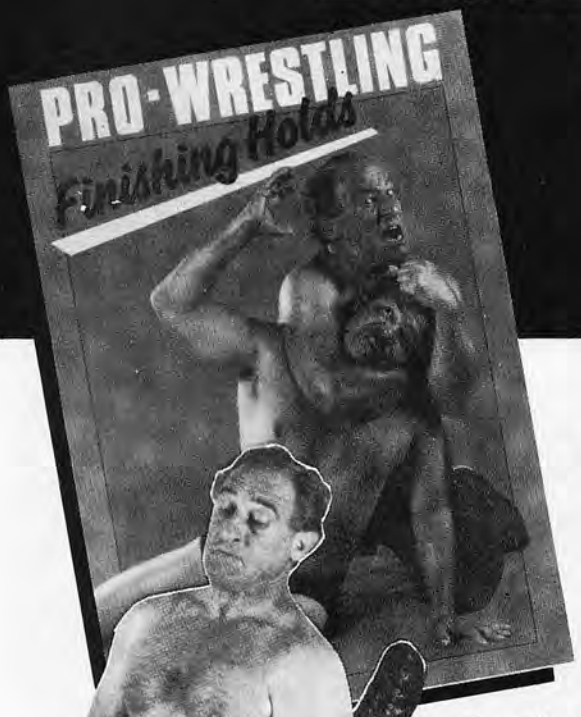
Dear Maggie,

Don't hold your breath. While Jeremy's been chasing skirts in France and hanging around with punk rockers in London, I've been in the gym pumping iron and suplexing small cars. Keep, saying your prayers, doll. Maybe Tepper will hear them when I send him to Heaven.

Dusty Rhodes: ready for war.

RANDOM ABUSE DEPARTMENT: Dusty Rhodes champion? Couldn't ya just get sick? I mean kids look up to champions . . . they can't even look *around* that slob. If he was smart he would have retired while he was the champ and bow out gracefully. Maybe someone somewhere will remember his as a winner. Oh well—here's to the Four Horsemen beaching the American Whale. Until next month . . . *WHAMMMMMM!!!!!! Can your heart stand it?!* ■

LeBell Breaks the Sports Barrier!



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DIGGER'S DIARY

The modern mat-world as seen through the eyes of an outlaw ex-champion!

DIGGER MALLOY

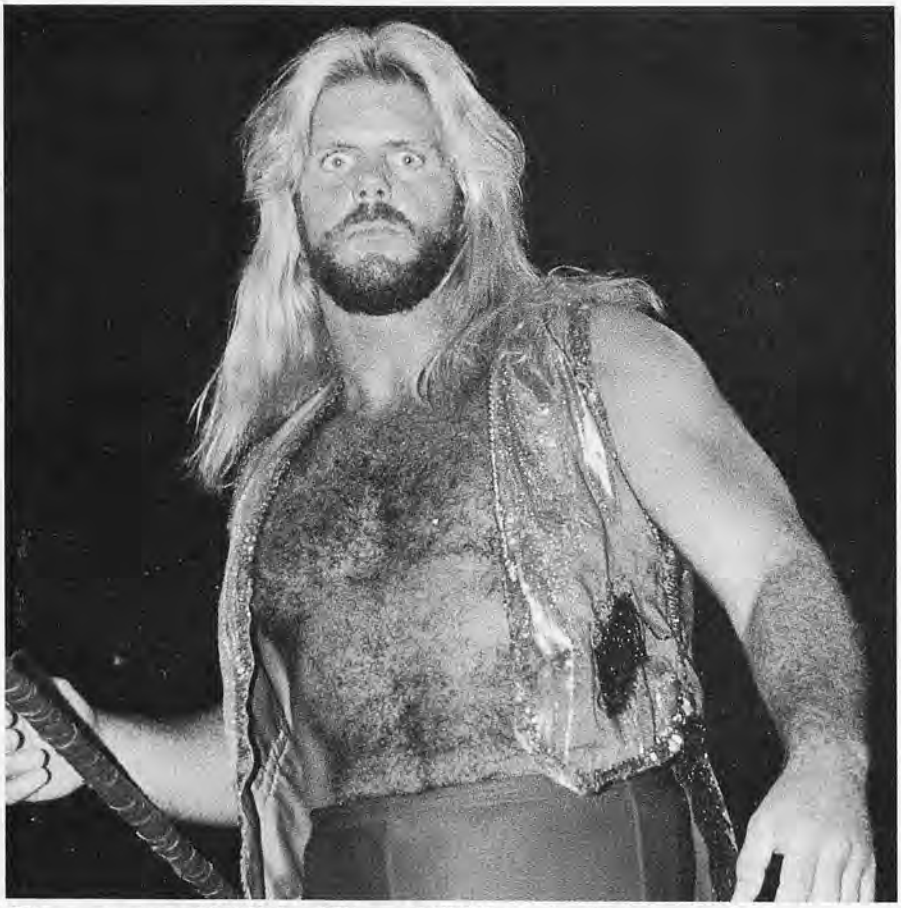
Beatnik Rick used to tell me that dichotomies don't exist. "Hey man, good is evil, and vice versa, man ... 's'all different, but the same. Do what thou wilt, daddy-o; you gotta hit all the bases to score, so be a Renaissance man, man."

What a dolt. I can't really believe my ex-tag team partner felt that way anyhow. If he "dug it all", why didn't he slap on a set of three-piece vines and make it on Wall Street with the commodity boys? Deep down, he realized that a man can desire to be all things at once but actually *be* them once or thrice in a lifetime. Unless he was dumber than I thought he was.

Bill Watts ain't dumb, but he's stretching further than his grasp.

Watts was one of the clever boys in my profession during the Golden Era. He could read *Newsweek* without moving his lips. I must have wrestled the guy seven hundred matches, and we traded a few pins and a hell of a lotta DQ's. He was one of the only dudes I grappled who really knew how mix brute force with strategy. A big bruiser with muscles in his belly who'd cross you up by using his raw power sparingly, unpredictably. He'd lull you into a fake sense of confidence by conserving his power maneuvres. Then he'd attack, and squeeze the blood from you, priming for the pinning slaughter. That's how he got other geeks in the bulldog headlock, one of the easiest moves to counter. He never pinned me with that, Jocko.

Still, I knew he had the brains to hit promotion angles after he retired. Put that "retired" in quotes, though, because the fat slob's wrestling more often now than he did in 1962. *In his own promotion.*



Digger agrees with Michael Hayes: Bill Watts should stay out of the ring.

That's what I object to, the conflict of interest. Hell, Wince McMahon Jr., the wrestling media's pet whipping cur, has the body and knowledge to wrestle and dreams about it nightly. But he stays in the broadcasting booth and the office, where he belongs.

PROMOTERS SHOULD NOT WRESTLE.

After all, who could take a match between Wince McMahon and Hulk Hogan (or Roddy Piper) seriously? They wouldn't want to seriously injure the man who's signing their checks—and McMahon wouldn't want to cripple one of his meal tickets (if he had the ability to do so).

So why is promoter Bill Watts chasing the Freebirds around with a baseball bat?

Watts wants to be a Renaissance man, I'm sure. He's in good beefy shape to wrestle, I guess, but so is Baron Von Raschke. I would presume that Cowboy Bill misses the action so much he feels compelled to hit the ring. But the same conflict of interest arises—how can one of Bill Watt's wrestlers pulverize their boss?

Come on, Cowboy. Your days were stellar; you were tough and honorable, but make up your mind. Stick to one base, and the sport you serve will remain untainted. ■

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

CHAOS IN THE AWA

For the fourth time, Nick Bockwinkel reigns as World Champion of the American Wrestling Association. And for the second time, he has won the belt without spending a second in the ring, when defending champion Stan Hansen mysteriously failed to appear for a scheduled title match with Bockwinkel. Afterwards, Hansen was "incommunicado for days", according to AWA officials, and the federation's Board of Governors convened in emergency session. They concluded that Hansen was no longer fit to be champion, and awarded the title to Bockwinkel.

"We feel that Mr. Hansen's inexplicable behavior is the straw that broke the camel's back," a high-ranking AWA source told *WME.* "We had already been debating harsher punitive measuers for his violent, sadistic actions. Our legal department was working on the specifics when we heard about (Hansen's no-show), and we just blew up."

Nick Bockwinkel clearly won that match in Denver; a forfeit goes down in the rulebook as a count-out victory. But titles don't change hands on a count-out in the AWA, and Bockwinkel's designation has provoked a storm of outrage. Other contenders, unsurprisingly, are indignant that there was no elimination tournament to choose a new champ. But fans and insiders are equally incensed about the decision, and the Lean Mean Machine is bound to face charges of being a "paper champion".

Not only a class act but world champion. Again.

Photos by Bill Otten, Robert Riddick and Al Rivera

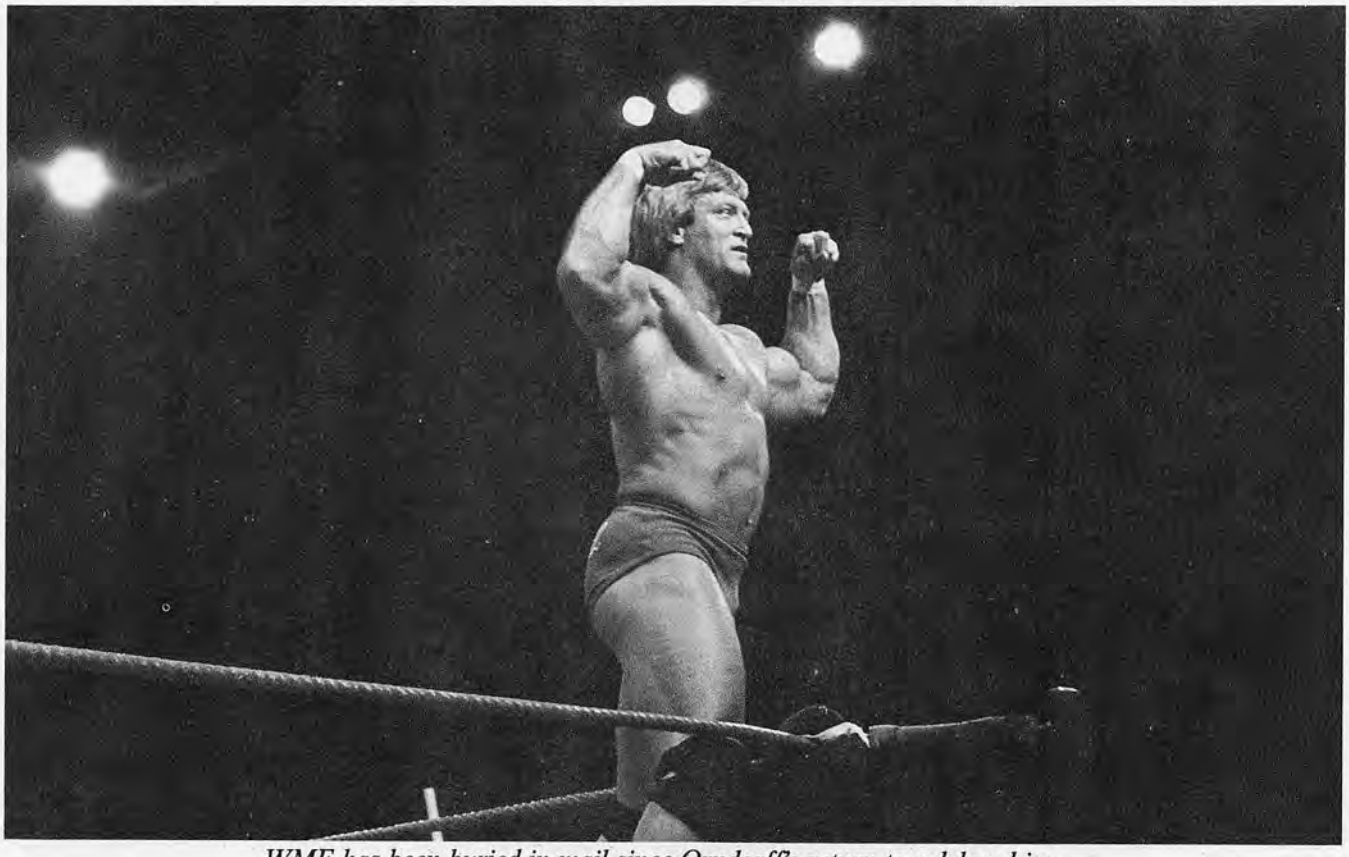
Deja vu? Indubitably. In 1981, Verne Gagne retired as AWA World Champion, and Bockwinkel was selected to replace him without an elimination tourney. Lightning has indeed struck twice, and it's a shame that a great competitor like Bockwinkel will be tarred with the accusation of being, in Larry Zbyszko's words, "a wavy-haired toady of the commissioners."

And Stan Hansen? He's wrestling in Japan, steadfast in his refusal to talk to the press. Sources claim that he "couldn't care less about titles, as long as I'm makin' money." ■

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

THE UNMAKING OF MR. WONDERFUL



WME has been buried in mail since Orndorff's return to rulebreaking.

In last month's Roundup, *WME* reported unconfirmed rumors that both Andre the Giant and Paul Orndorff were training as rulebreakers. So far, the rumors have proven halfway correct.

An unprecedented avalanche of mail has reached our office in the wake of Paul Orndorff's reconversion to rule breaking. If Mr. Wonderful is unconvinced about his popularity with the fans, he should check out the burlap bags of correspondence which have been creaking hi-speed elevator cables and mail carriers' backs here in our Empire State Building offices. There is wailing and gnashing of teeth a-plenty out there among your former fans, Paul, not to mention quite a few tearful long-distance calls. We try to explain to the callers that ego struggles are a disgusting reality in wrestling, but . . .

In case you missed it, the simmering enmity between ex-rivals Paul Orndorff and Hulk Hogan came to a head in two recent tag team matches in Poughkeepsie's Mid-Hudson Civic Center. In a match against the comebacking Moondogs, Orndorff refused to tag off to Hogan during the match, preferring to handle the tough and wily veterans by his lonesome. Orndorff eventually scored the winning pin, capping a gutsy and superlative performance, but solo tag team wrestling invariably signals the kiss of death for a combo. In a later match against King Kong Bundy and Big John Studd, Orndorff became infuriated when Hogan effortlessly body slammed Studd after he had failed to do so in a previous attempt. Hogan also accidentally struck Orndorff beneath the eye while rebounding off the ropes in their corner. Orndorff cleared the ring of Studd and Bundy during a double-teaming attack, and splattered the trusting Hogan's head into the canvas with a crushing piledriver.

Orndorff has since rehired Bobby Heenan and his manager, but the roots of Orndorff's recidivism may go deeper. It appears as though a WWF rulebreakers' conspiracy may be in full force, involving Adrian Adonis, Jimmy Hart, and undetonated secret weapon Harley Race as well as Heenan. An independent man such as Paul Orndorff may soon find himself a pawn for bigger game. ■

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

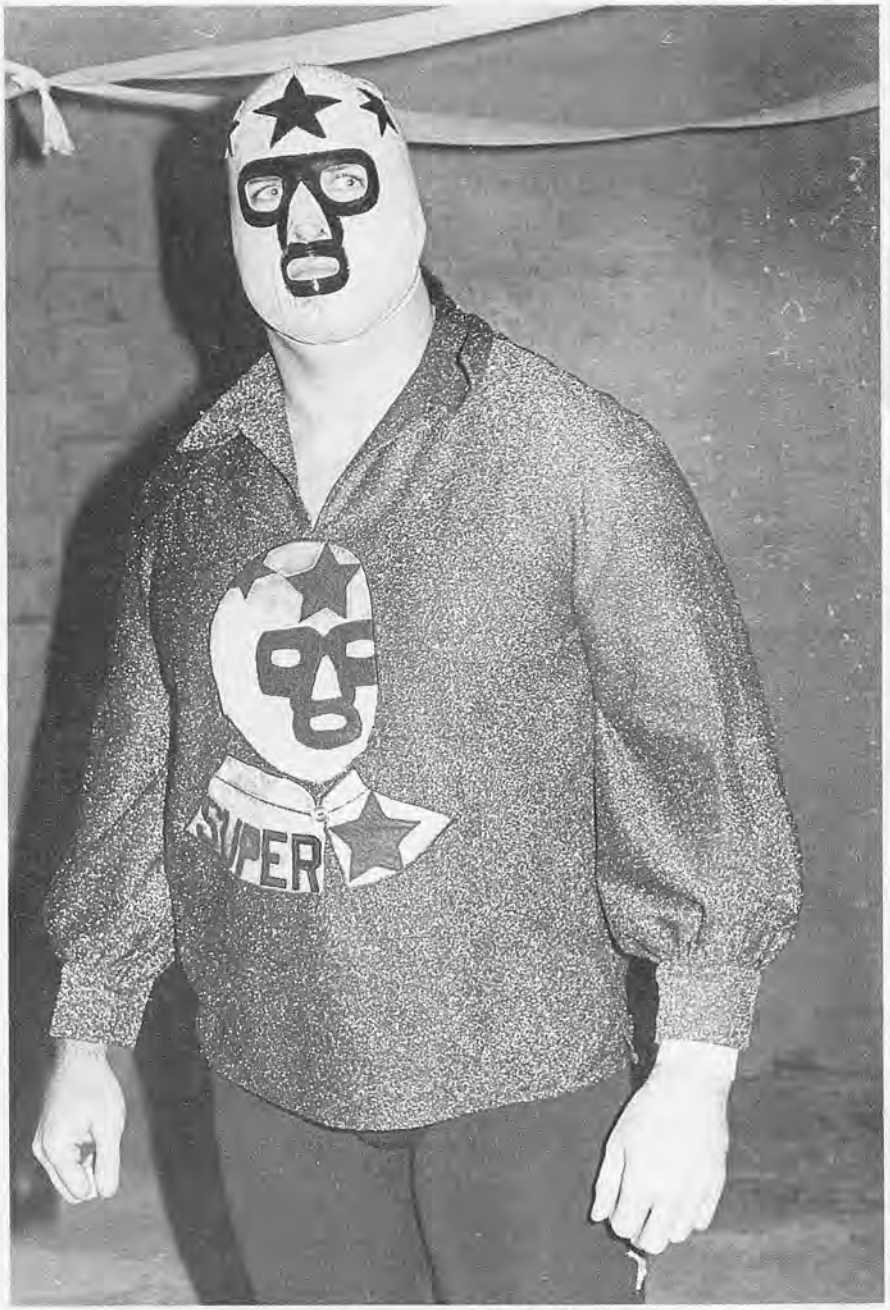
It looks like July 26 was only an off day for NWA World Champion **Ric Flair.** That was the day **Dusty Rhodes** snagged the "Nature Boy" in a small package combo in Greensboro, N.C. and took the belt home with him. But only two weeks later, to the day, Ric proved his superiority in St. Louis and began his fourth title reign. Critics of "The Nature Boy" are quick to point out that National Champ **Tully Blanchard** and **J.J. Dillon** had pounded Dusty's much abused left leg with a chair in Kansas City only two days prior. . . . Regardless, the strap is back around Flair's waist and in only two weeks' time we saw the beginning and end of another chapter in Wrestling History. . . .

Classie Freddie Blassie has sold 50 percent of the contract he holds for the **Iron Sheik** and **Nicoali Volkoff.** The lucky man who bought half of their deed is a WWF newcomer named **Slick** who has previously managed **Bulldog Bob Brower** in the Central States region. . . . could this be the fresh blood this top shelf team has been craving?

Florida hot shot **Lex Lugar** made his bid to take the title from Flair and the fans in the Sunshine state are only too eager to see Lex get another shot at the NWA's most prestigious strap. . . . Lex recently bested the **Masked Superstar** for the Southern Heavyweight title and the Superstar promptly left the area. He is of course, heavily rumored to be the **Super Machine,** one half of the Japanese mega-team imported by the WWF, **The Machines.** His partner, the **Giant Machine,** is reputed to be **Andre the Giant,** who was banned by WWF President **Jack Tunney** after Andre missed several scheduled appearances. The masked Machines are looking to conquer the WWF's other resident behemoths, **John Studd** and **King Kong Bundy,** and the whole set up is very, very suspicious. . . .

Hot Stuff **Eddie Gilbert** and his partner **Sting** have taken the UWF tag belts from the charismatic **Fantastics** with the help of **Missy Hyatt.** It seems Eddie has established some kind of relationship with the sultry socialite, but how long will **John Tatum** sit by and watch? Be on the watch for a falling out in the UWF's most dangerous rulebreaking champ. . . .

The Freebirds have also proved to be quite a threat in that area and recently **Bill Watts** enlisted the help of **The**



Is this man a Machine?

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

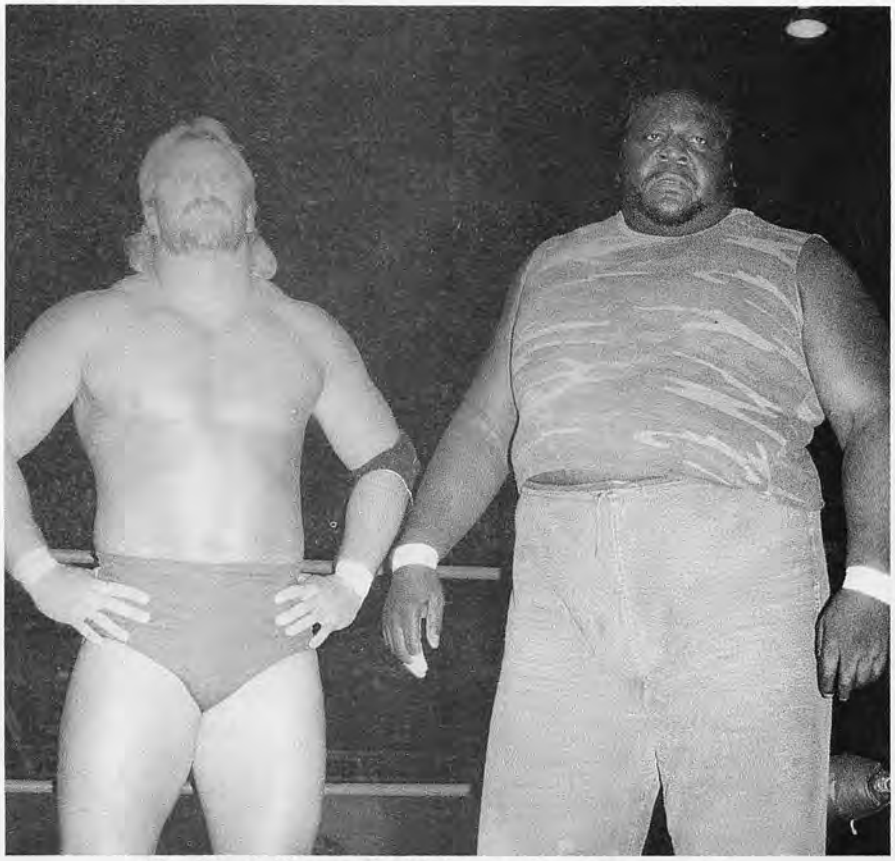
Road Warriors to help him beat the Birds, who have put **Dr. Death** Steve Williams out of action *again* by Triple-Piledriving him on the concrete floor in Houston. He's lucky to be alive, but knowing Dr. Death he'll be back and ready to shake some tail-feathers.... Meanwhile, UWF Champion **Terry "Bam Bam" Gordy** has proved to be a helluva champ, consistently beating the likes of Jim Duggan and Terry Taylor, who are looking to revenge their friend's broken neck....

Buzz Sawyer is the Texas Heavyweight Champ and has brought his particular mania to the attention of the Lone Star state.... Buzz is a too often under-rate grappler and it's good to see him in the limelight.... **Chris Adams** has maintained a grip on the World Class Heavyweight title and has turned back all challenges from former champ **Rick Rude**....

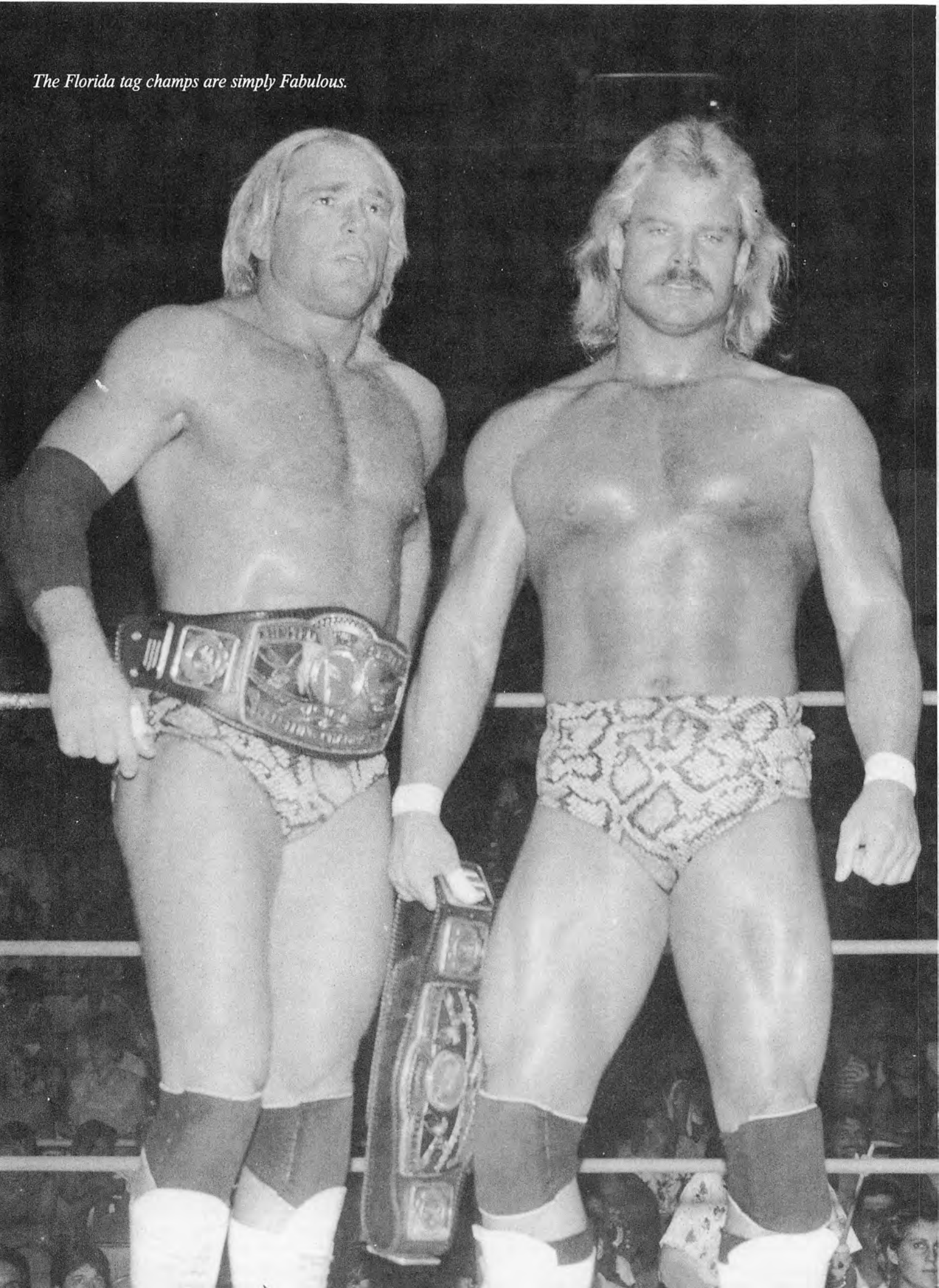
The **Bruiser Brody-Abdullah the Butcher** feud is making a crimson mess of Texas and all the **Von Erichs** can do is sit back and watch these beasts in horror.... Speaking of horror, **USA All Star Wrestling** is gettng more and more violent with each blood-drenched card.... see the feature on them this issue....

The Fabulous Ones won the Florida Tag Team Title in a tournament in all-too-remote Portland, Oregon, but are now back in Florida and feuding with the 747 lb. **Shock Troop,** made up of **Ed Gantner** and **Kareem Muhammed**.... Look for them to tangle with the **Crazy Sheepherders** who are now terrorizing the Carribean after a stint in the UWF.... Also back in Florida is **Kendo Nagasaki,** whose astute attorney discovered a loop hole in the contract for the Loser Leaves Town Match he lost to **Lex Lugar**.... Perhaps **Jeremy Tepper** should see

The Fantastics are looking to regain their UWF title.



The Shock Troop: Florida's most dangerous tag team.



The Florida tag champs are simply Fabulous.

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

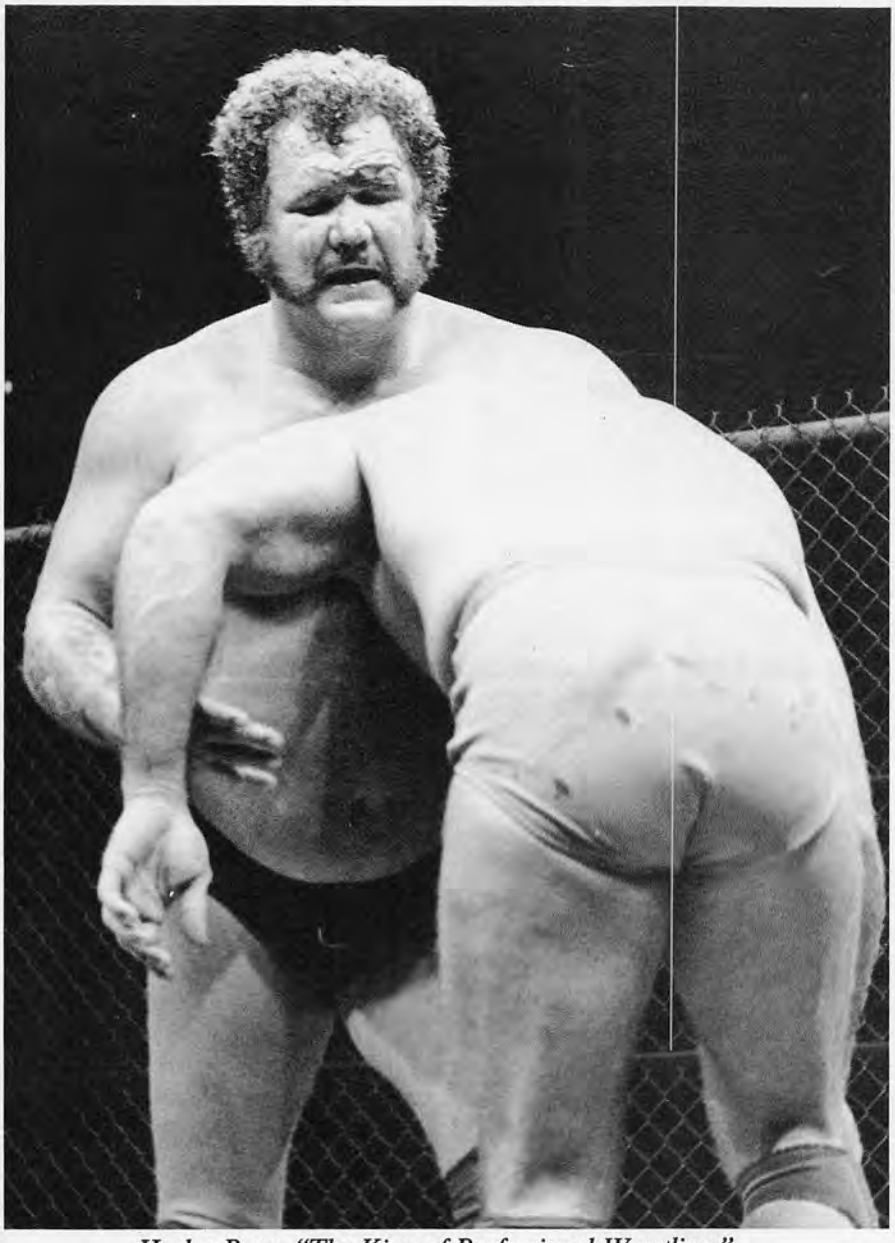
A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

about hiring this brilliant barrister. . . .

Adrian Adonis seems to have turned his career around with some flitty flora and some cheap perfume. . . . he's been rasslin' WWF Kingpin **Hulk Hogan** all over the country and has yet to suffer a decisive loss, although he's had the interferance of the **Macho Man Randy Savage** to help him . . . the two of them have been tangling with the Lving Legend, **Bruno Sammartino** as well. . . .

Dick Slater has entered the ranks of the WWF as "The Rebel" and is toting a Dixie flag to the ring with him as "Dixie" trumpets over the loudspeakers. . . . one has to wonder whether fans in the North East will cotton to this unpredictable veteran. . . .

Handsome Harley Race recently won the WWF "King of the Ring" tourney in Foxboro, Mass. and is now calling himself "The King of Professional Wrestling" and indeed, if one man deserved that title it would be the sideburned Race. . . .



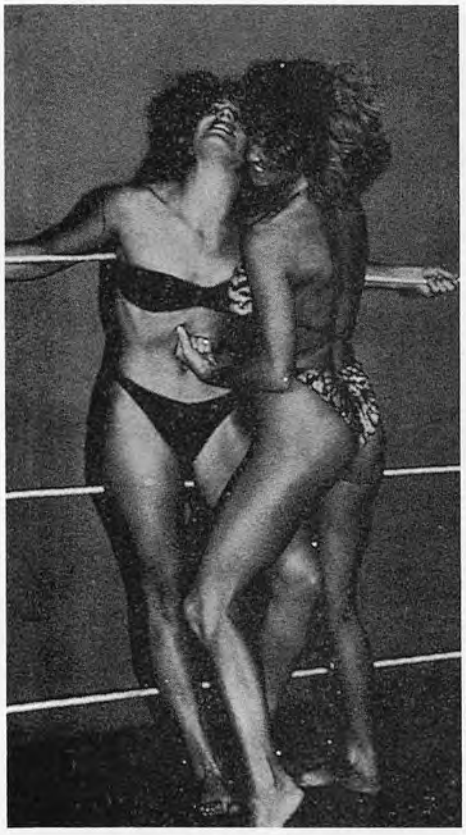
Harley Race, "The King of Professional Wrestling."

Dick Slater has brought his Rebel flag to the WWF army.

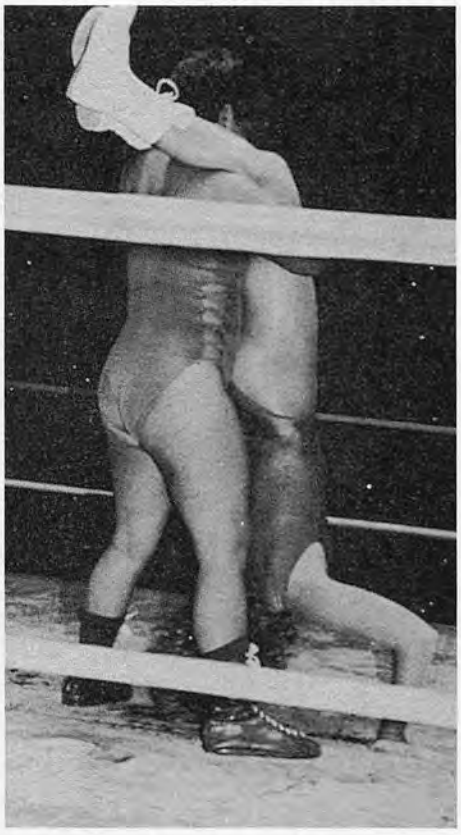
After having won a fight with The Devil, a spiritual quest that took him across the abyss and pitted him against every foul demon that lives in the hearts of men, **Kevin Sullivan** has left Florida to find "greener pastures," but his long time companion **Fallen Angel,** the staff of *WME,* the entire wrestling world and Kevin's own psychologist are all querolous as to whether he's really beaten Satan—The Prince of darkness is always lurking under the ring. . . . At any rate, we wish Kevin the best of luck in maintaining a course on the Straight and Narrow. That's it for this month, friends. . . . sleep tight and don't let the bed bugs Piledrive you! ■

Videos & Photos
Real Matches in Pro Ring

LADY WRESTLING!



Bikini



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INTO THE SPOTLIGHT

USA ALL STAR WRESTLING: THE BEST OF THE BLOODIEST

Fred Baron's USA All Star Wrestling is doing a damn good job of presenting wrestling the way it should be: with plenty of action, plenty of talent and most of all, plenty of blood.

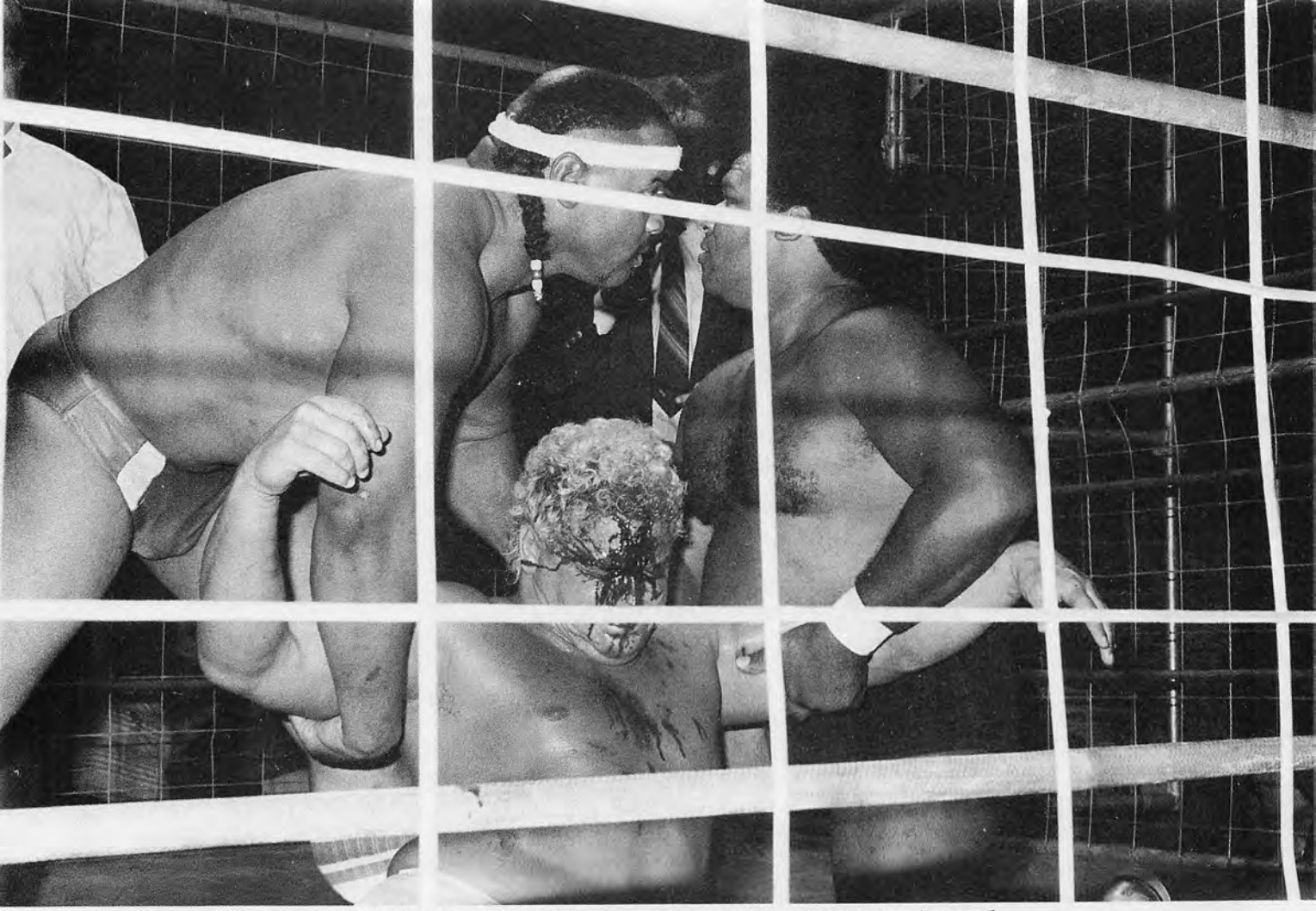
By TED PIPE

Pro-rasslin' is a fiercely competitive business. There are literally dozens of promoters, all trying to push their talent and many of them trying to lay fair claim to having a stranglehold on a legitimate World Championship. And for each and every promoter, there is a different style, a different way to promote the King of Sports, from the full-tilt show-biz, celeb-ridden video extravaganza to the down to earth "wrestling comes before the glitz" approach. Any fan who's seen more than one Saturday wrestling broadcast knows full well the gamut of styles run by the so-called "major promotions." Still, there seems a void in the Pro-Wrestling niverse; or perhaps the jaded fan just needs some fresh blood. A lot of blood. That's where USA All Star Wrestling comes piledriving in.

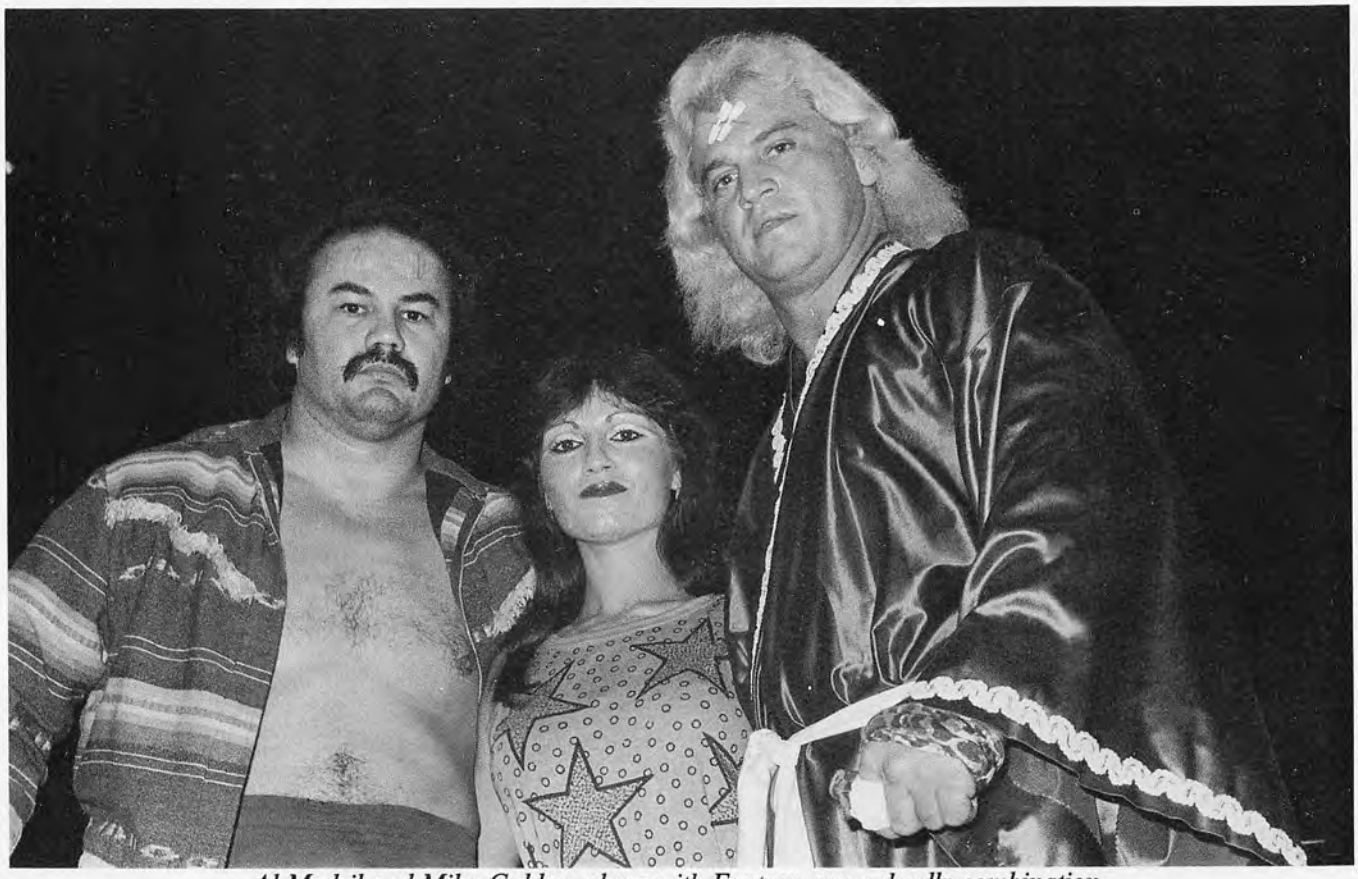
No one would ever deny that wrestling is a violent sport. And aside from a few misled purists (who should probalby be watching amateur wrestling), no fan is going to tell you that he doesn't go out to the arena to see some

Photos by Mike Edison

Al Madril reminds Tiger Conway, Jr. that "Hell hath no fury like the Steel Cage."



Billy Joe Travis' good looks are obscured by a bloody head wound.



Al Madril and Mike Golden, along with Fantasy, are a deadly combination.

blood spilled and some heads busted open. There's a lot more to great grappling than scientific technique, after all, and the folks at USA All star Wrestling know this very well. Their cards are filled with cages and barbed wire (see "Match of the Month"), street brawls and brass knuckles. A USA All Star Card is guaranteed to be brimming with blood and it seems that even the most timid fan is ready to sop it up. With their expansion to cable systems nationwide, "USA All Star Wrestling" (taped in the world famous Gilley's Rodeo Arena, out behind the world famous Gilley's Night Club in Pasadena, Txas) should be available in most living rooms in the nation and they're a welcome addition to the all too familiar names that have always perpetrated the airwaves. (Check your local listings.)

Golden and Madril hurl Iceman Parsons into the cage. All Star cards often feature bloody specialty matches.

War Lord Jonathon Boyd is his usual photogenic self after a typical All Star match up.

Featured on the USA All Star show are some familiar names as well as some firery newcomers. Crazy Sheepherder cousin War Lord Jonathon Boyd has already carved a blody niche in the annals of wrestling and his current feud with Cowboy Scott Casey is perhaps the most violent of the year. Tag Team Champs Iceman Parsons and Tiger Conway, Jr. are no strangers to wrestling fans, either, and their feud with brawling bad-asses Al Madril and Mike Golden (and their lovely but nasty manager Fantasy) has been tearing up Texas Tag Team wrestling.

USA All star has been very successful in introducing new names to the ring as well. Billy Joe Travis, who has already held the USA Heavyweight Championship, is a young man who has proved to be extremely popular with his off the top rope finishing maneuvers and his sun-drenched good looks. Jonathon Boyd has also hired a few newcomers to join his "Commonwealth Army." Tapu and Tanui, The Sheep, are nasty yong men who are quickly becoming as hated as the War Lord. The Masked Grappler has also been doing some mercenary work for Jonathon, and the former Texas Heavyweight Champ has always proven to be a powerhouse.

The USA All Star group is quickly shaping up into a serious threat to other, better known promotions. With their eagerness to provide brutality and bloodshed (for which they should be given an award of some sort) coupled with fine, scientific talent like the young Travis and the veteran Tag Team Champs, they are filling a void in the Pro Wrestling wilderness. But remember: only you can prevent forest fires, so watch out. USA All Star Wrestling is hot. ■

THE EXOTIC ADRIAN STREET:
NOT TOO QUEER FOR COWBOYS

Adrian Street may look like a pansy but anyone who has ever seen him wrestle knows better than that. WME Contributing Editor Art Burns, who thinks "men should behave like men," took a trip to visit Adrian and Miss Linda and came back with this report.

Adrian is as well versed in scientific wrestling as he is in scientific cosmetology.

Photos by Art Burns

by ART BURNS

First of all, I don't like sissies and I don't like limeys, so maybe I shouldn't be writing this piece on Exotic Adrian Street. I mean this guy's a real fruitcake, *and* he's English. He's everything I hate. Except for one thing: he's a helluva wrestler. Even if he is a fag.

Now I don't want to sound too liberal, coming on like I condone his lifestyle, or Adonis' for that matter (I always thought Adrian was a woman's name), but I can always tolerate a good wrestler, a great wrestler, and if he wants to get my dander up by prancing around like a ten dollar floozie and beating up on righteous Americans, well, I'd pay my ten dollars to see him get the fruit beat out of him so he must be good for business. A contemptible, immoral swish like that always is and always has been.

But Street is an original. Hell—that other Adrian must have an Adonis sized crush on the Exotic One, imitation being the highest form of flattery. (I always suspected Adonis went that way, but I never thought he would retire the leather. Hey Adonis: some sissy boys like leather. Don't ya think one transvestite in the sport is enough? Jeez!!!) Adrian Street has a style all his own. He's not like other sissy boys, certainly not like the flits in New York City. He's a mean grappler with a degree in science. So when the assign-

ment came down for me to go visit him in Pensacola, Florida, I had mixed feelings. Sure, I wanted to go South for a working vacation but there was no way I wanted to be seen with Adrian.

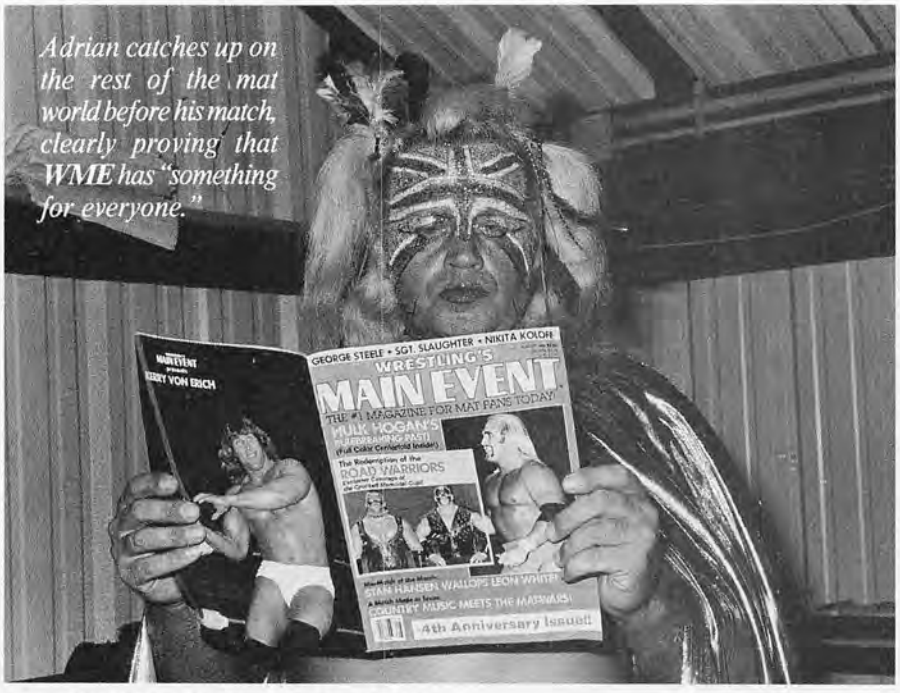
It was Miss Linda, however, Adrian's ever present valet, who met me at the airport, and I must say she is a man's woman. I don't know what the hell she's doing with that limp-wristed limey, but walking through the terminal with her clicking along on her heels was a real pleasure.

We went right to the arena and she disappeared into the dressing room. I looked at my watch and it was still thirty minutes before their match so I disappeared into the bar across the street. I was thinking it might be my last opportunity to have a cold beer. Those tutti-fruity English guys always drink it warm.

Tonight's match was for the South Eastern heavyweight Championship, a title once held by Adrian but which now belongs to Cowboy Rick Casey. [Scott's cousin—ed.] But although he may hold the title, he does not hold the belt. Not since Adrian had it, anyway. That screwy fag painted the damn thing pink. Spray painted it fer chrissakes!!! If he wanted to be a vandal why didn't he just go back to his high-school? At least it would put an ocean between him and the normal people.

I coughed up what I owed and savored the last icy gulp. I really like American beer. When I got back to the arena I got my press pass and loaded up my camera, just hoping I wouldn't get contaminated if he got some sweat on me or something.

Adrian seems very comfortable with the feel of a microphone.



Adrian catches up on the rest of the mat world before his match, clearly proving that WME has "something for everyone."

The place was filled with more people like myself, people who like cold beer and hate English fruit cake. Adrian's match was next and already the chants of "FAGGOT!!! FAGGOT!!!" were bleeding out of the cheap seats. But when the house lights went off and Adrian's music came up, an original tune he recorded called "There's Something Queer About a Cowboy," the place erupted into a seething pit of homophobic hatred and raw macho sentiment. As he strutted to the ring with Miss Linda I caught a few gobs of

spit on my arm and dodged a few stray beers. I was glad to see that Adrian caught the brunt of it.

After eliciting more spit and hatred by kissing the referee, Rick Casy made his way into the ring. Suddenly it sounded very happy in the arena, loud and happy. Cheers galore. I wondered if it was Casey that earned the cheers or did they just want to see Adrian's head get broken.

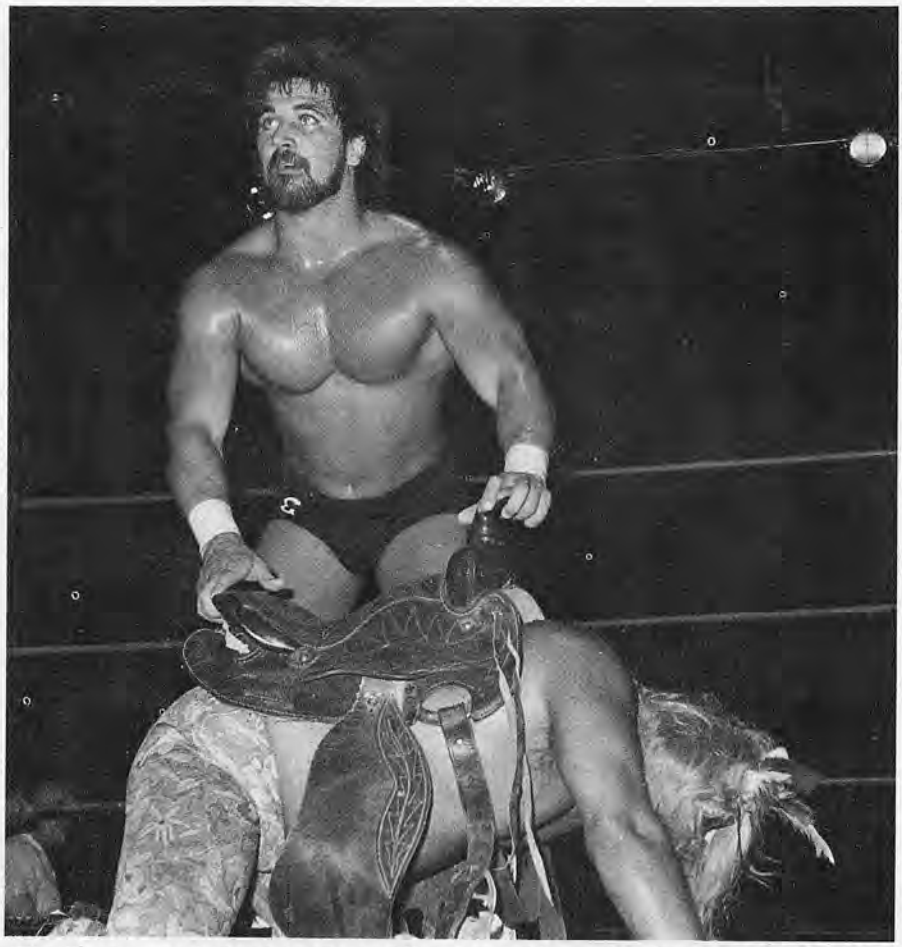
I was rooting for the cowboy, too. Rick is a good looking young kid whose face reeks of sportsmanship and pride in America. It's the kind of face that could date any number of young girls. But it was Adrian who took the match with a flurry of post scientific arm lock/chinlock/backcruncher combinations. He wore Casey down with science and then pounded him with kicks and punches. Rick tried to make a comeback but Street snared him in a viscious suplex and flipped him out of the ring. He was disqualified but I was impressed.

I found Adrian in the dressing room and congratulated him. He deserved it. He thanked me politely but held my hand for just a little too long when I offered it to him. I smiled at Miss Linda but it was clear that it was strictly "look-don't touch." Her heart belongs to Adrian.

"I did that cowboy good tonite, ay? I been fightin' him all over the Continental territory. Been a bloody good feud, too." He slipped off his tights and walked around to the shower and I quickly turned around. I could hear him smile.

"Tomorrow night, though, I'll put a dress on him. It's a dress versus the saddle match. . . . I think I'll put the dress on him and then ride him! Side saddle of course. . . ." He turned the water off but I didn't turn around.

The ride to the motel was pleasant. Adrian has a nice car, not too fruity or anything. We didn't say much on the way—he was tired and I was thirsty—but we didn't have to talk. Adrian had shown me a what great wrestling is all about and he knew it. He knew damn well what a fine grappler he is and he knew damn well that I don't take



The Exotic one is back in the saddle after taking a beating from Rick Casey. Adrian is still a long way from the glue factory.

The next night came sooner that I had expected. I had only slept until two and watched a baseball game before Adrian came to the door to take me with him to the match. I didn't let him in my motel room, I just put my toothbrush in my pocket and grabbed the other six pack.

I regret to say it was another quiet ride because after the match I headed for home, and on the plane, recounting the weekend, I had to admit that Adrian Street is one of the finest grapplers I've ever seen. He's a sissy but he plays hard ball. His looks don't mean a thing—he really is a helluva grappler. That night he got beaten by Casey and was forced to wear the saddle. I had to smile—it was good to see that queer boy get his come-uppance. But no sooner than Rick had the saddle on him that Adrian's face broke into a smile. I thought maybe that sicko was enjoying it, but no . . . lemmo tell you, that pony bucks and he bucks hard. He beat Casey until he kindly to fags. You can just tell by looking at my face. I went to my room, alone, and locked the door. I called room service for a nightcap and was lucky enough to find one of those Mexican wrestling flicks with Mil Mascaras. I fell asleep happy.
was bleeding and then he left. He had shown Casey and he had shown me. I hailed a cab for the airport.

When I got back to New York and reclaimed my barstool I found myself with an empty feeling. Street had proven to be a great grappler and I was nothing but rude. I mean he is one of *those* . . . but I called him up anyway and found him at home.

"It's hot as hell down here," he told me. "I'm just watching wrestling on TV and having a beer."

"Warm beer on a hot day?" I should have behaved myself. "I hate warm beer," Adrian told me flatly and then he put the receiver down. I was still feeling empty so I went back to the bar to get filled up. ■

Lou Albano is a mere shadow of his former self: there is no more rulebreaking and there's not as much blubber as there once was. There is, however, another championship tag team and arenas full of adoring fans, but we must ask the question:

LOU ALBANO

TAG TEAM TITAN OR TOTAL SLOB?

By JAMES TABER

Over the years, "Captain" Lou Albano has been called many things, most of them unprintable in this magazine. From genius to junkmonger, "Captain" Lou has felt the brunt of both scathing criticism and adoring fandom alike. But the big question always remains the same: How can someone who looks like they just crawled out of a good will box or a garbage dumpster possibly lead sixteen (that's right, count'em, sixteen) tag teams to the world championship?

The "Guiding Light" just ain't what he used to be.

It's been almost thirty years now that "Captain" Lou Albano has been involved in professional wrestling and almost half that time has been dedicated to managing. In this period of time "Captain" Lou has taken such tag teams as, "The Masked Executioners", "The Moondogs", "The Mongols" and "The Yukon Lumberjacks" to the Tag Team Championship.

He has brought "The Valiant Borhters" to the Championship twice and has even managed to bring "The wild Samoans" to the Championship not once, not twice, but three times! Quite an impressive accomplishment for someone who runs around with rubber bands stuck to his face, roars like a wounded water buffalo, and looks like an ugly medicine ball with legs. So just how does the good "Captain" manage to keep leading these teams to the Belts? Could it be that underneath the cookie crumbs and the stale beer there is a very shrewd and calculating brain? Or is it sheer lack of taste and an insanity unequaled in the business that keeps "Captain" Lou on top of the heap?

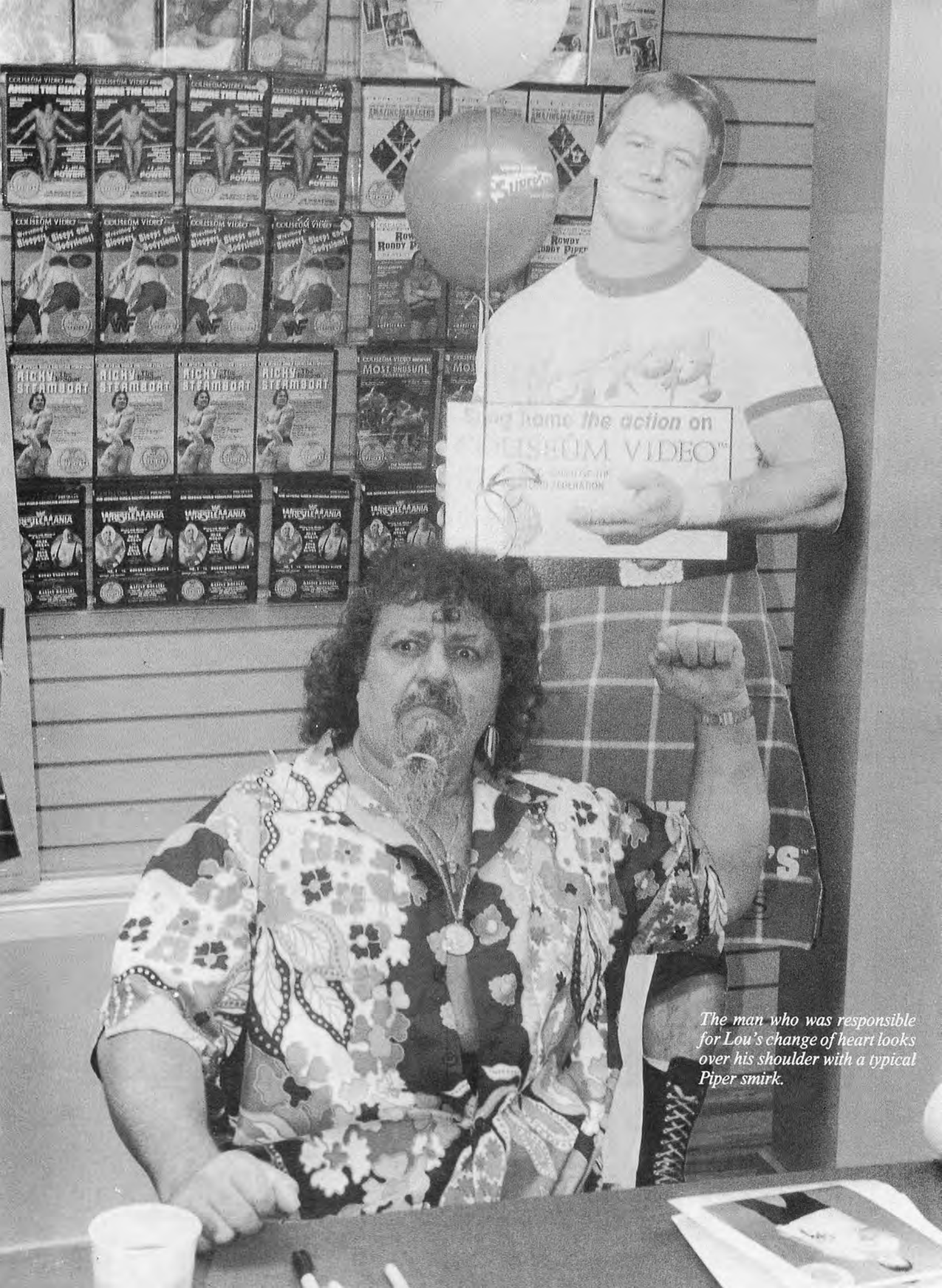
In the past, not only has "Captain" Lou brought sixteen tag teams to the belts, he has also managed Heavyweight Champion Ivan Koloff (who defeated "Living Legend" Bruno Sammartino for his title) and Intercontinental Champion "The Magnificent" Don Muraco (who defeated Pedro Morales for his title).

Just to add to this impressive list of credentials, "Captain" Lou once even co-held the Tag Team Championship Belts with Tony Altimore in a tag team combination known as "The Sicilians." At this point in time it doesn't seem as though the list is finished either. Just last year Lou led "The British Bulldogs" (Davey-boy Smith and The Dynamite Kid) up the W.W.F.'s ranks until they defeated Brutus Beefcake and Greg "The Hammer" Valentive for the Belts in Wrestlemania 2.

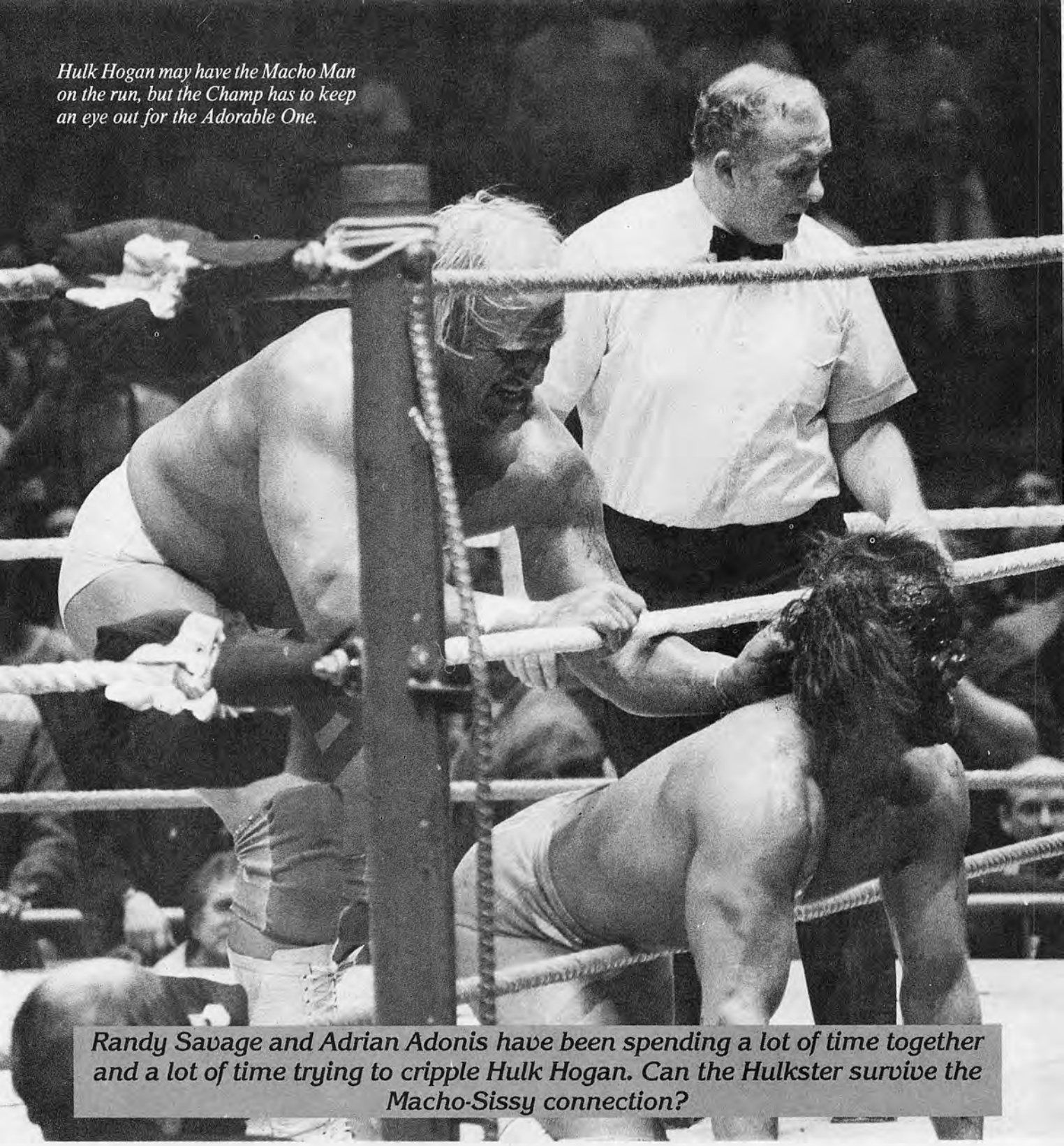
Even more recently, he has acquired the contract of the new Japanese wrestling sensations "The Super Machine" and "The Giant Machine" (heavily rumored to be the "Masked Superstar" and Andre "The Giant") whom he hopes to groom into a future championship team. Where will it all end? At this point in time, Lou Albano has led more tag teams to the championship Belts than any other manager in the history of the sport. Will the good "Captian" lead many more tag teams to the Belts or will trouble with his medulla oblongata interfere with his managing reign? Trouble with calcium deposits have side lined lou numerous times in the past. Will a relapse lead to his total destruction or do these lapses into insanity help give Lou insight into the path he should lead his tag teams on?

A lot of these questions are left unanswered at this pint, but whether you love him or hate him, "Captain" Lou Albano will go down in history known as "The Manager of Champions." ■

Photos by Jeremy Tepper



The man who was responsible for Lou's change of heart looks over his shoulder with a typical Piper smirk.



Hulk Hogan may have the Macho Man on the run, but the Champ has to keep an eye out for the Adorable One.

Randy Savage and Adrian Adonis have been spending a lot of time together and a lot of time trying to cripple Hulk Hogan. Can the Hulkster survive the Macho-Sissy connection?

HULK HOGAN TAKES ON THE MACHO MAN AND HIS SISSY FRIEND

Savage is ready to pounce on the Heavyweight Championship.

Photos by Mike Edison and John Barret

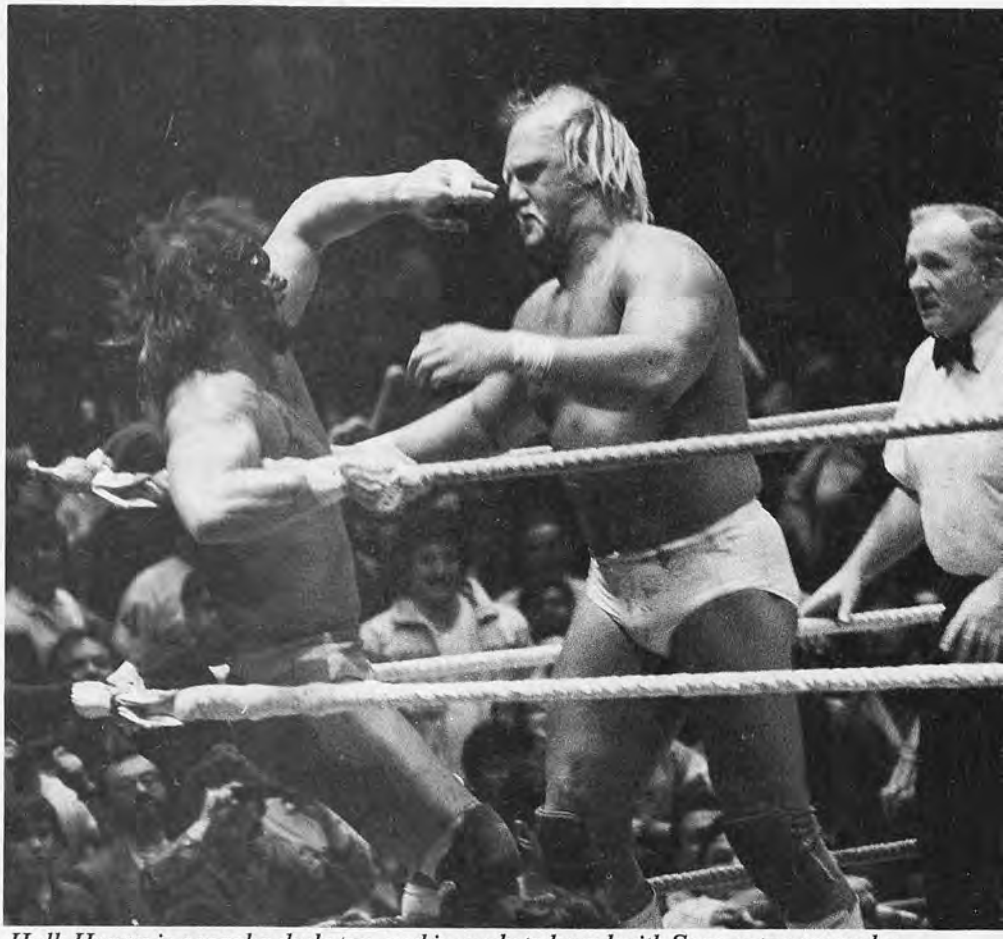
By MONICA LISBEN

Hulk Hogan is infinitely more than a world champion. Hulk Hogan is an icon of power, glory, and manhood. Hype-a-mania or no, Hulk Hogan succeeds where Sly Stallone and Don Johnson fail, because he's a *real* champion who *really* performs heroic tasks where it counts—in the squared circle, the unforgiving limelight of pain and ferocious endeavor.

The limelights are spotlights over the ring, and they raise the temperature past desert tolerance. The limelight turns to quicklime, inescapable quicklime, in a big fat hurry when one's Atlas shoulders shrug and are forced to the burning canvas. Stars are nobodies when they lose, and hide their faces in shame when they leave the ring without their coveted gold straps. They are, in their own minds at least, no longer men.

Hulk Hogan is a macho dude. I know that's like saying the sky is blue in August in Arizona, but think about it for a moment. Hulk Hogan cannot survive without maintaining his aura of invincibility, and that semi-visible glow he sees in the dressing room mirror when he's flexing his pythons before a title defense is *machismo.*

Tito Santana is an admirable ring soldier, but he retains doubt in tough predicaments. You can see it on his face sometimes in the ring. Other wrestlers I could name, like Don Muraco and Buzz Sawyer, look like they want to hide in a shroud of blue funk when things go badly for them in the ring. This is not to belittle the considerable ring abilities of these men. I'm belittling their *powers of stupidity,* as a matter of fact—the ability to com-



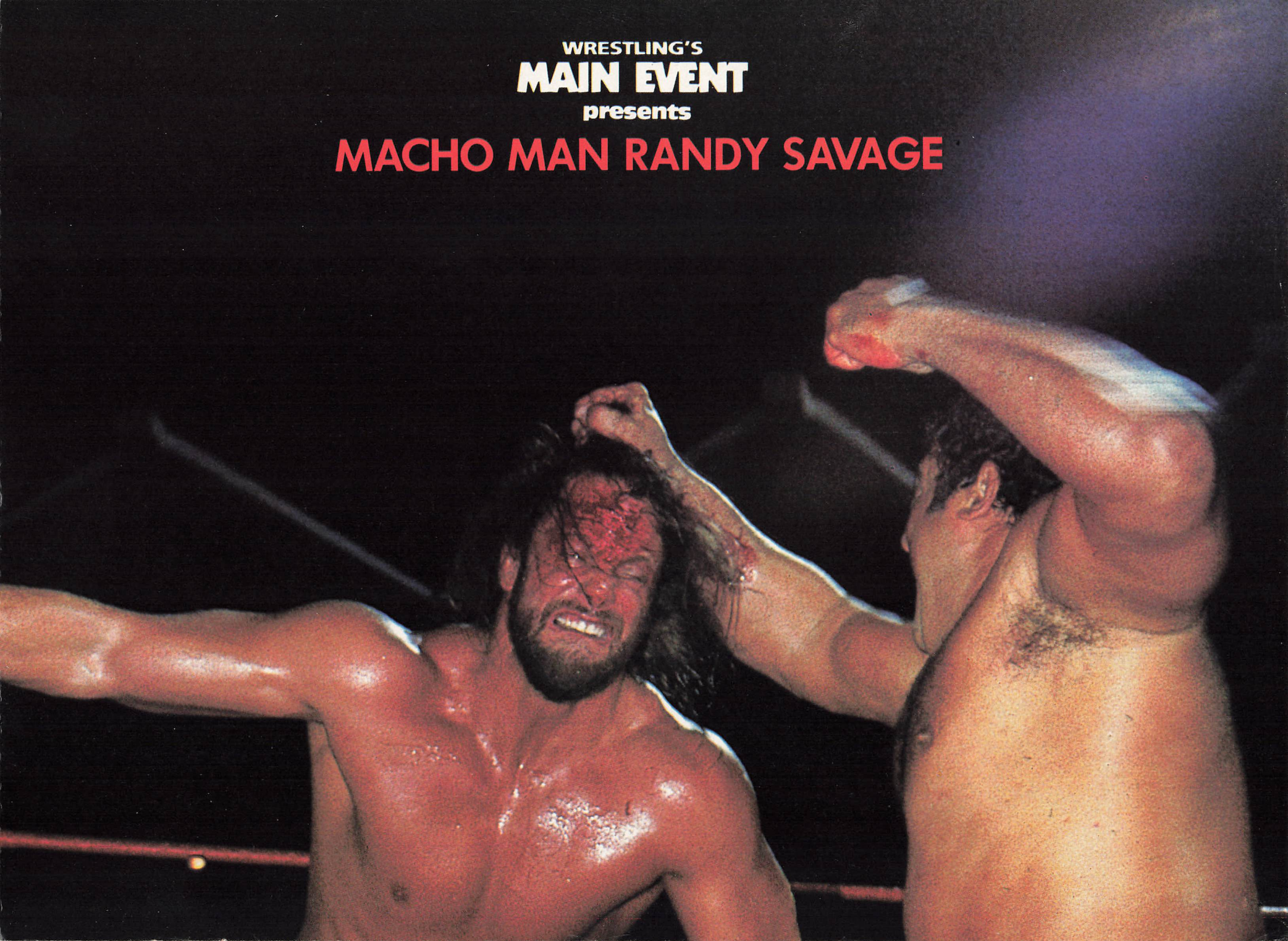
Hulk Hogan is a macho dude too, and is ready to brawl with Savage to prove who truly is "mas machismo."

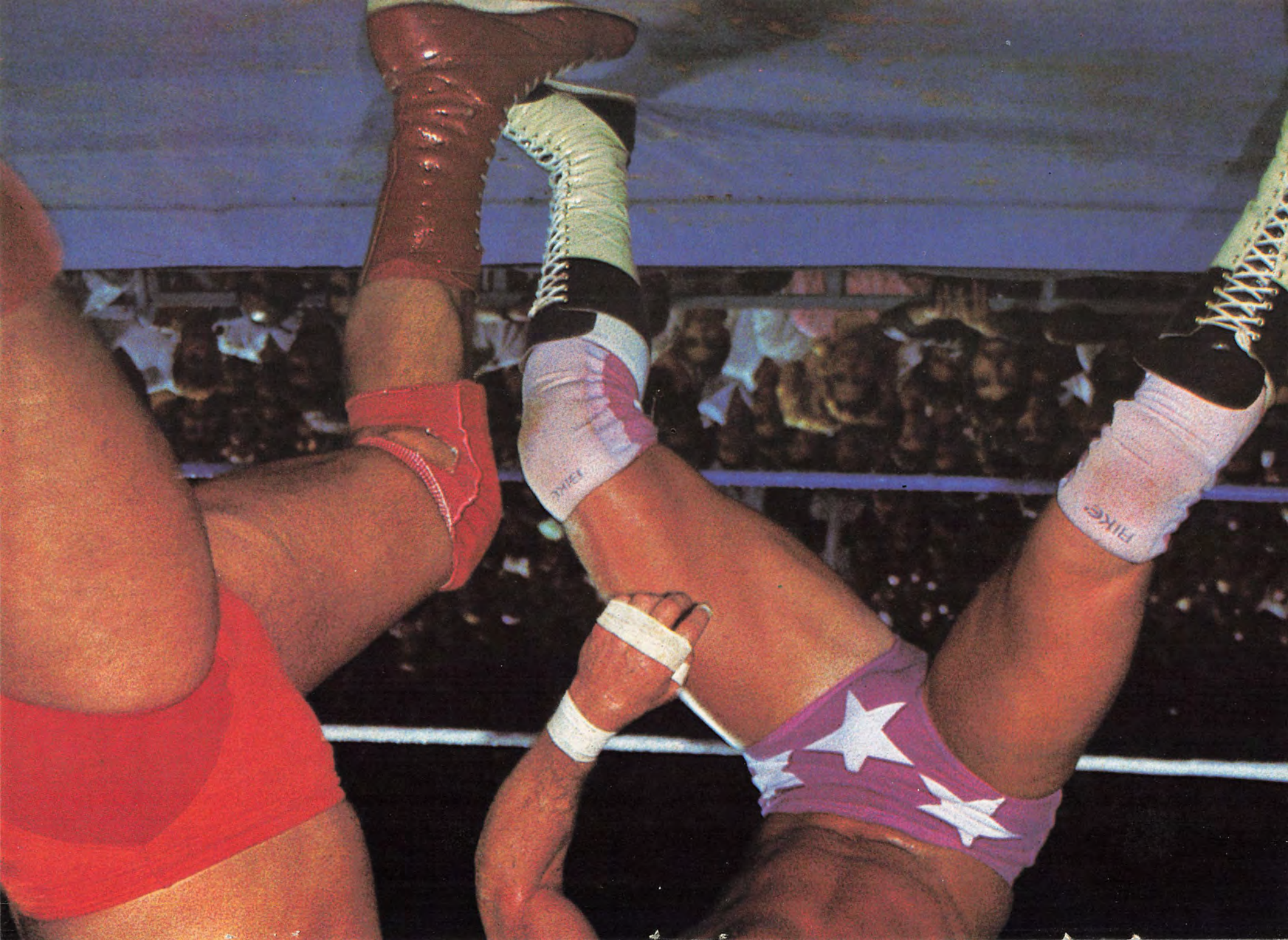
WRESTLING'S

MAIN EVENT

presents

MACHO MAN RANDY SAVAGE

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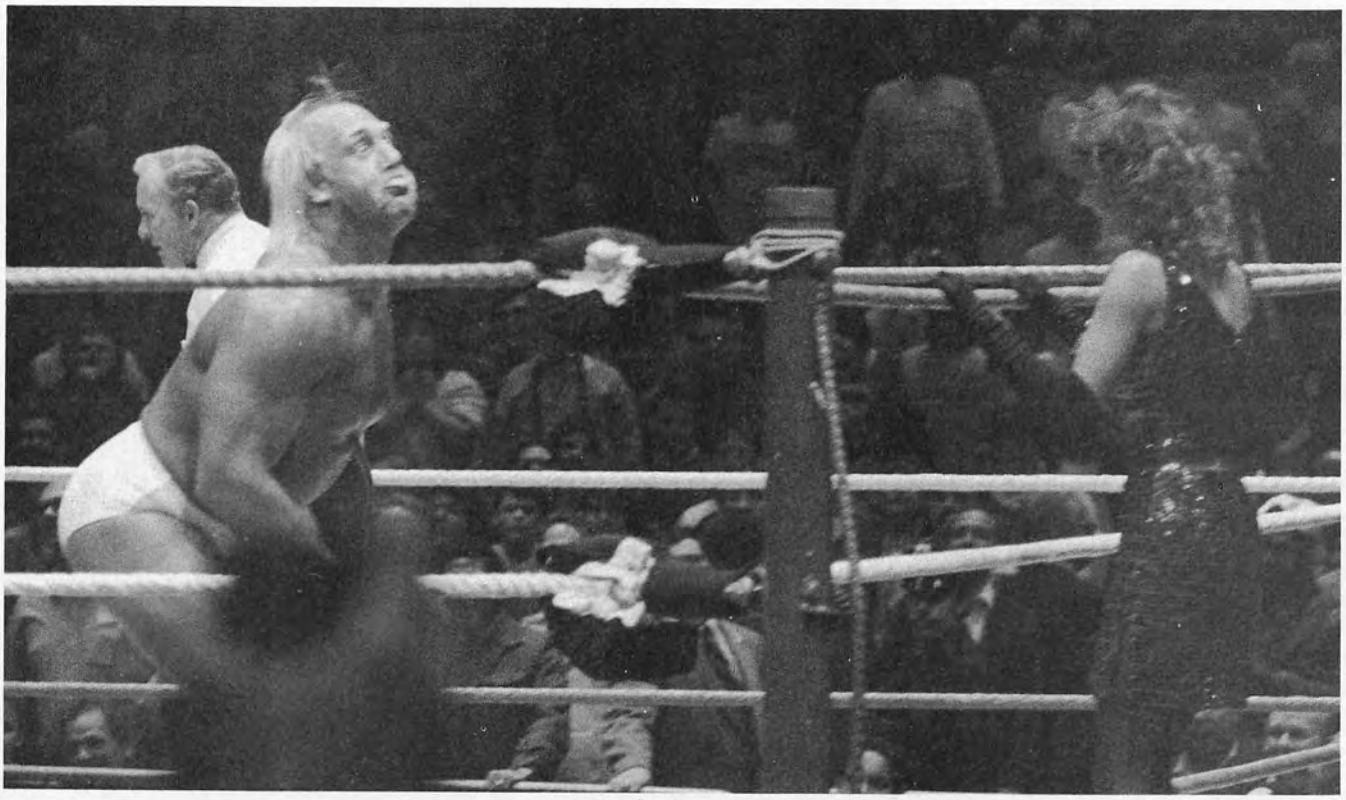
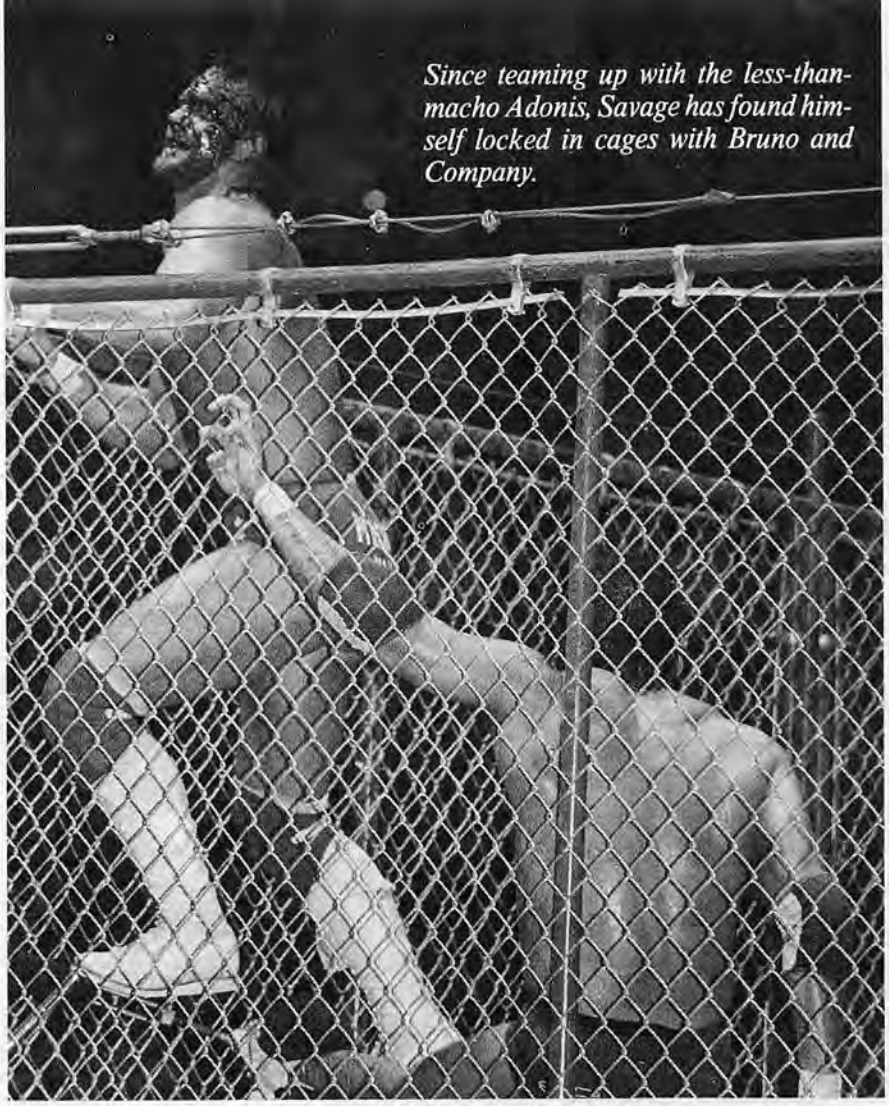


The tan champ proves he isn't beyond having some fun at Savage's expense as he enjoys making faces at Elizabeth (above) and digs the Macho Man's cool shades (below).



Since teaming up with the less-than-macho Adonis, Savage has found himself locked in cages with Bruno and Company.

bat *well-reasoned* self-doubt and the inability to unfurl the internal testosterone flag in their bellies—*MACHISMO!!!!!!!!* Hulk Hogan doesn't have that male problem. He's stupid enough to glorify his own pain and persevere. Just like a man.

Enter Randy Savage. The self-proclaimed "Macho Man." As soon as he inked the dotted line with Vince McMahon, his intention was less to thrash Hogan or Santana for a title than to supplant Hulk's role as male superior in the federation.

He's gotta be kidding, as Digger Molloy would say, for taking that approach.

You don't poke a stick into red ant colonies when you're barefoot. You don't sucker-punch bikers in a bar when you're alone. You don't walk on turf that don't belong beneath your steps.

Randy Savage is something under six feet and something around two hundred and thirty pounds and he's a better wrestler than Hogan but sloppy in execution and no match for the best scientific wrestlers. Hulk Hogan is six feet eight and three hunderd and twenty pounds. He lacks scientific skill but is deadly accurate in the execution of what he knows. He kicked the living mooheap out of Macho Man in a succession of title defenses, playing by his own rules.

That was Savage's fatal mistake. Macho men (men) love to play by their own rules—it's the fascism of the bully playground.

So Savage focused his hyperactive attentions upon the Intercontinental title, which was obviously an easier target. He cheated his way past the Tocula Tornado with little difficulty, and promptly put the ICC title into hibernation.

He still wanted Hogan.

But Savage was months older and years wiser. He knew the macho approach was insufficient. He needed a man to screw up Hogan's balding blond head in the psychological championship duel.

Adrian Adonis.

Only a pawn in his game?

Hardly.

The sissy boy is a distraction, and an absolute genius (see Digger Molloy's column for a further analysis of the Adorable Adrian phenomenon.) Suffice to say that Ms. Adonis is not only a bugaboo to Hulk's psyche, but the trainer that Savage desperately needs. Adonis' brilliance goes far past the powdery dust of his fuchsia makeup. He convinced Hogan that the method to sever Hogan's title reign is post-scientific. Blind the big galoot with astonishing neckbreakers and spine-snapping suplexes, the Flower Shopper advised, and you can prove that Hulk Hogan is no champion in the serious competitive sport of WRESTLING.

And there is sufficient evidence—in and out of the ring—that Hogan is utterly perplexed by the Macho-Sissy Connection.

It would appear that Savage made an excellent career move in aligning himself with Adonis, but questions remain. Adonis and Savage have occupied 59% of Hogan's title defenses over the past four months. Will ego struggles rear their ugly rears if and when Adonis or Savage wins the title? They are teaming up to destroy Hulk, but tag teams such as that don't often outlast success. (Watch for something similar to happen when the Four Horsemen gang up on Dusty Rhodes to win back the NWA World title for Ric Flair. Someone's gonna be jealous of Flair's victory.)

Take it from Monica—a *true man* wins a title on his swarthy, muscle bound lonesome. Asking for help is asking for problems, especially when contenders combine to weaken a champion and pursue a common goal. If either Adonis or Savage win the title, the other one is gonna be mighty upset.

And meanwhile, Hulk Hogan will be training to regain his title, rubbing the bruises of his encounter with Paul Orndorff.

Really, men!!!!!!! When will they learn? ■

WRESTLERS OF THE MONTH

CHRIS ADAMS: PORTRAIT OF A BRITISH LION

By HOWARD L. FRAMPTON

"Smorgasbord," the champion behind the wheel said, nodding towards a massive chalet-style restaurant. "sounds good, eh?"

Minutes later, Chris Adams and I were veering back out of the parking lot in search of a better luncheon. "I didn't like the carousels (of food), mate, they were making me dizzy," he laughed. "And the food looked like spring's leftovers." Certain vagaries of American culture can still surprise Adams after years of relocation in Texas—like the difference between true European smorgasbord and the slop on revolving steam tables in American "family restaurants".

Chris lets the referee know about this big announcement. . . .

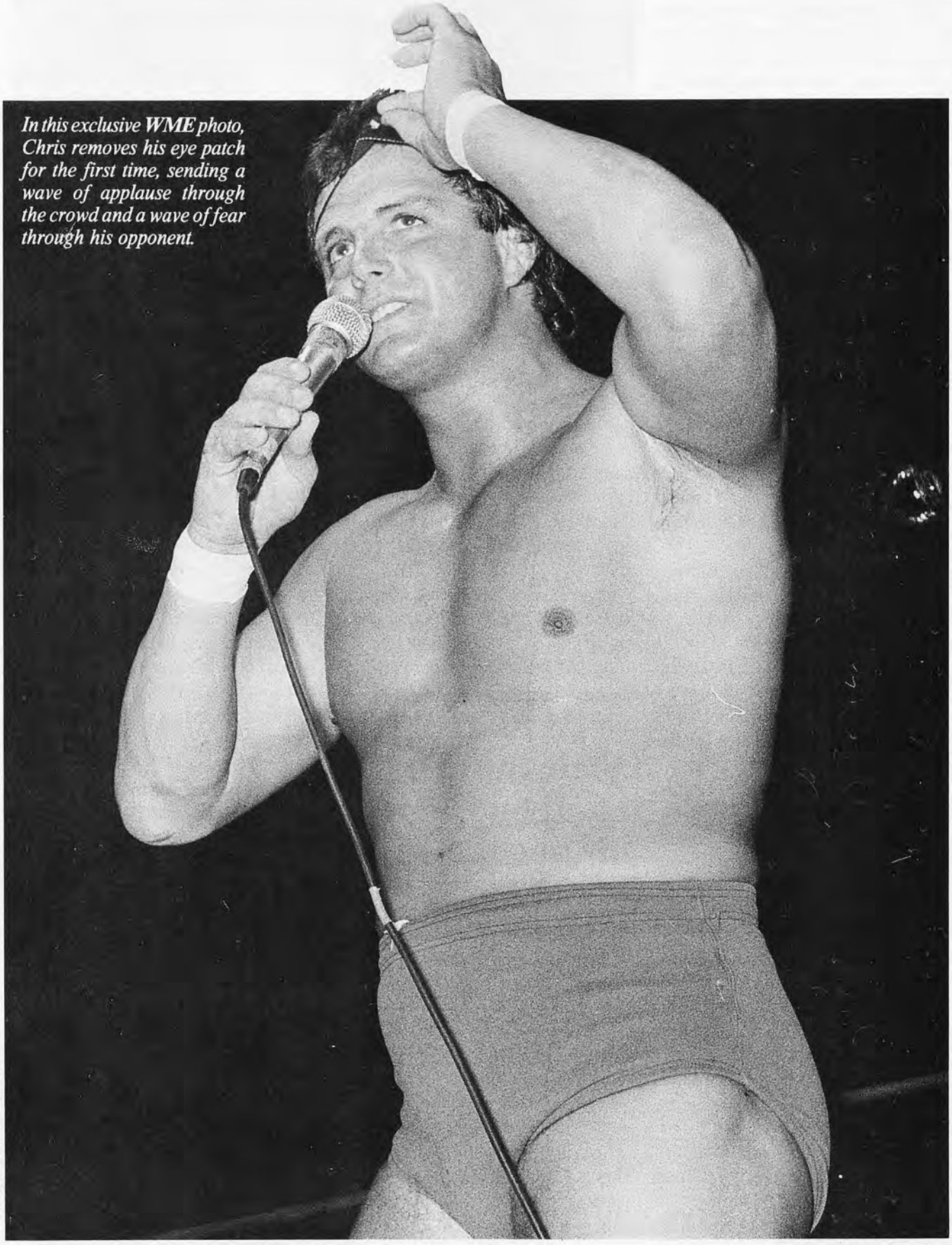
"What you need is a big steak," I suggested, "thick as a fist and rare. You deserve it. You're a champion now."

"Now you're talking." Adams gunned his royal blue BMW past a strip of fast food hamlets and pulled into the first dinner we couild find that looked like it had friendly women with notepads.

Chris Adams is the new World Class Heavyweight/Champion, and since Fritz Von Erich's promotion is now independent, that makes him a World Champion. He pinned Rick Rude on the Fourth of July in Reunion Arena for the title. Percy Pringle's misguided cane played a crucial role in Rude's defeat—as it does in so many of Rude's defeats—but that in no way diminishes Adams' victory. The Briton grappled with pluck and aplomb all the way, plainly outwrestling Rude but winding up with twenty-three stitches in his forehead from an unwelcome introduction to a steel ringpost.

Adams' success was greeted either with joy or respect from virtually the entire wrestling world, save a few old enemies like Gary Hart. Adams is a most unusual specimen of the trade; rulebreakers in other areas who sneer at the likes of Kevin Von Erich and Magnum TA for being spineless pretty boys can't bring themselves to rag on Adams. They realize what a profes-

It's been a hell of year for Chris Adams. He's lost his tag team partner, he nearly lost his sight and now he's the World Class Champion.



*In this exclusive **WME** photo, Chris removes his eye patch for the first time, sending a wave of applause through the crowd and a wave of fear through his opponent.*

Photos by Mike Edison

sional he is, and secretly so do most rule breakers in World Class.

The diner had one of those flip-page portable jukeboxes in each of the dining booths. Prince drooled about his lady's "raspberry beret" from one booth, and I snuck a glance at an elderly man in checked Bermudas staring resolutely into his meat loaf and peas while his daughter/granddaughter poked at a fruit compote, seemingly oblivious to the rhythms.

After we had ordered, Adams fished out a George-O and made his selection; "One Hit (to the Body)" by the Rolling Stones.

"You Limeys are always ripping off American culture," I kidded.

"If 'tweren't for our culture, mate, you and your ancestors would have been speaking German in the colonies."

"If it wasn't for *our* military might, *you'd* be goose-stepping around the ring like Baron Von Raschke!"

Adams sneered, and then chuckled. "So Kevin told me these blokes might be finally breaking up," he said, meaning the Stones.

"Yeah, Keith Richards has been calling Jagger "Brenda" behind his back. Looks serious."

Adams shoook his head sadly. "I know what breaking up a partnership is like", he said, sawing at his meat.

The meals were devoured and it was time to talk wrestling. Adams needed few questions, and less prompting.

"I can't tell you how proud I am of this (title). I know some people are belittling its importance, criticizing the no-disqualification rule and saying Ric Flair is the true World Champion. Poppycock. I'd like to get Flair in that ring and superkick his peroxide off. And I intend to be a fighting champion—there is plenty of new blood in the area, like Buzz Sawyer and Matt Borne, and I have old scores to settle with Kabuki and Rude.

How about other contenders, I asked—Kevin and Lance Von Erich, and Abdullah the Butcher?

"Abdullah—the bugger's *daft,"* Adams said incredulously. "You're trickin' me. . . . I don't want to wrestle Kevin for quite a while. I'm afraid, for two reasons. One is that Kevin and I may get . . . it would be dangerous. Secondly, I fear the fans were getting bored with us last year—we wrestled so often it was getting monotonous. Perhaps I could have a go at it with Lance though—or Brian Adias, or Steve Simpson. A decent scientific match."

Chris' future is getting brighter but he still has to be wary of former champ Rick Rude.

I had to ask about the tragedies that have riddled the World Class region recently.

Adams sat entirely motionless. His eyes clouded over, as if covered with a sheer film.

"I'd like to get Flair in the ring and Superkick his peroxide off."

"Kerry is much, much better. I'm glad to say the initial press reports were exaggerated—why did *you blokes* headline your story with "KERRY CRIPPLED IN ACCIDENT"? He'll be back in the ring, that's a promise.

"Fritz and Dody (Mrs. Von Erich) are such incredibly strong human beings . . . the trials they've been through! They lost two children, and came close to losing two more. They inspired my courage—a bottle of hair lotion in the eyes in nothing compared with losing loved ones."

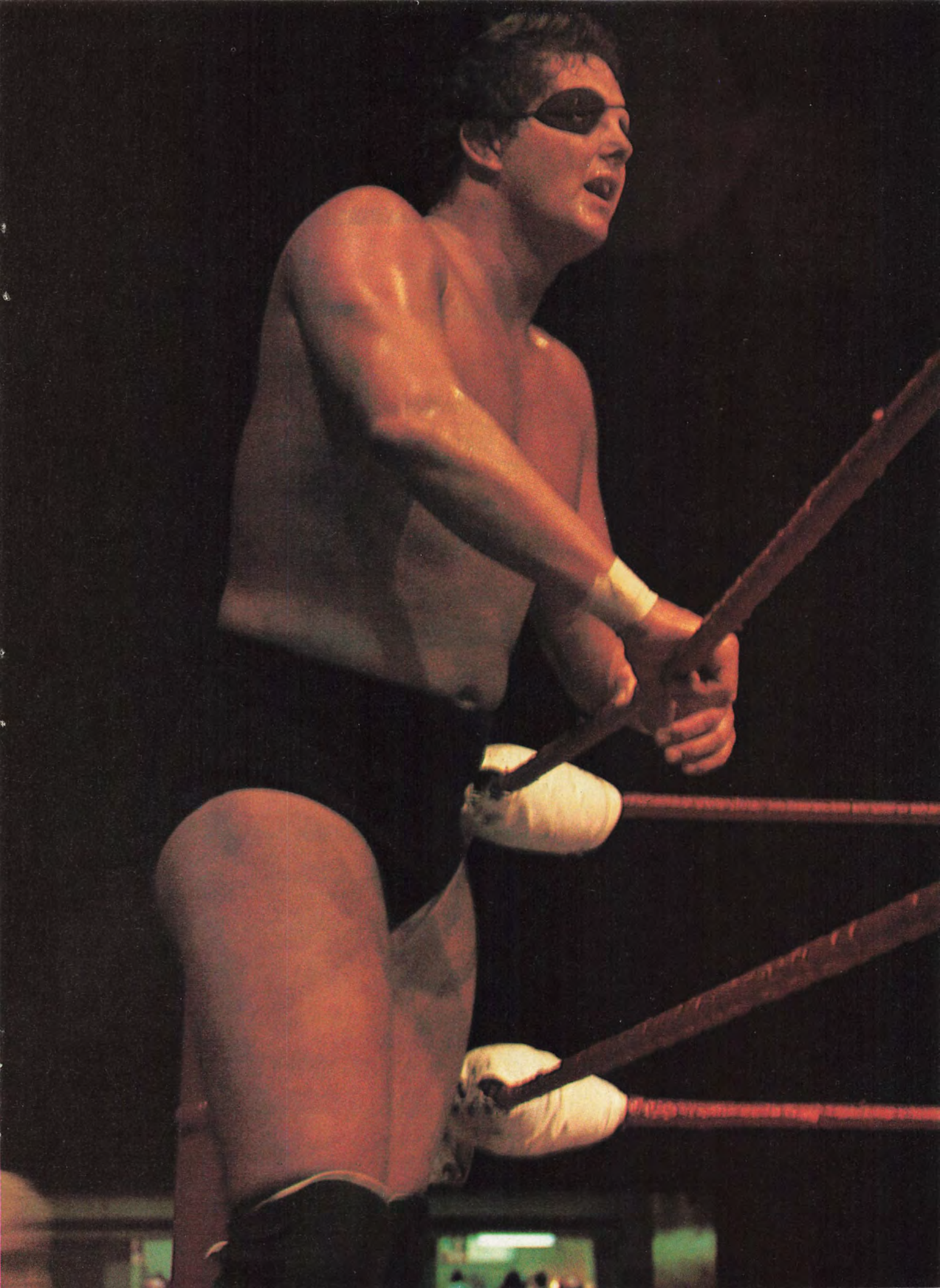
I was about to ask, awkwardly, about the death of Gino Hernandez this past winter. It happened weeks after his ex-tag team partner temporarily blinded him.

"Gino . . . I have terrible nightmares about him. His death was so bloody stupid, so . . . I only wish I knew that he was in trouble. I could have tried to do something . . . but this may be guilt speaking. I don't know. Gino was an arrogant man, and he used that as a shield to conceal his pain. All arrogant wrestlers do. I suppose it's part of the image. But he must have been screwed up to do what he did to me, and at the time I was so angry I didn't even try to figure out why he had (blinded Chris) until after his death. If only Gino's death can be an example to the children, to the teenage fans . . . if in death he can scare kids straight, like your basketball player up east (Len Bias), his stupid mistakes won't be in vain. "It's no joke—drugs kill."

Adams stood up, motioning for the check.

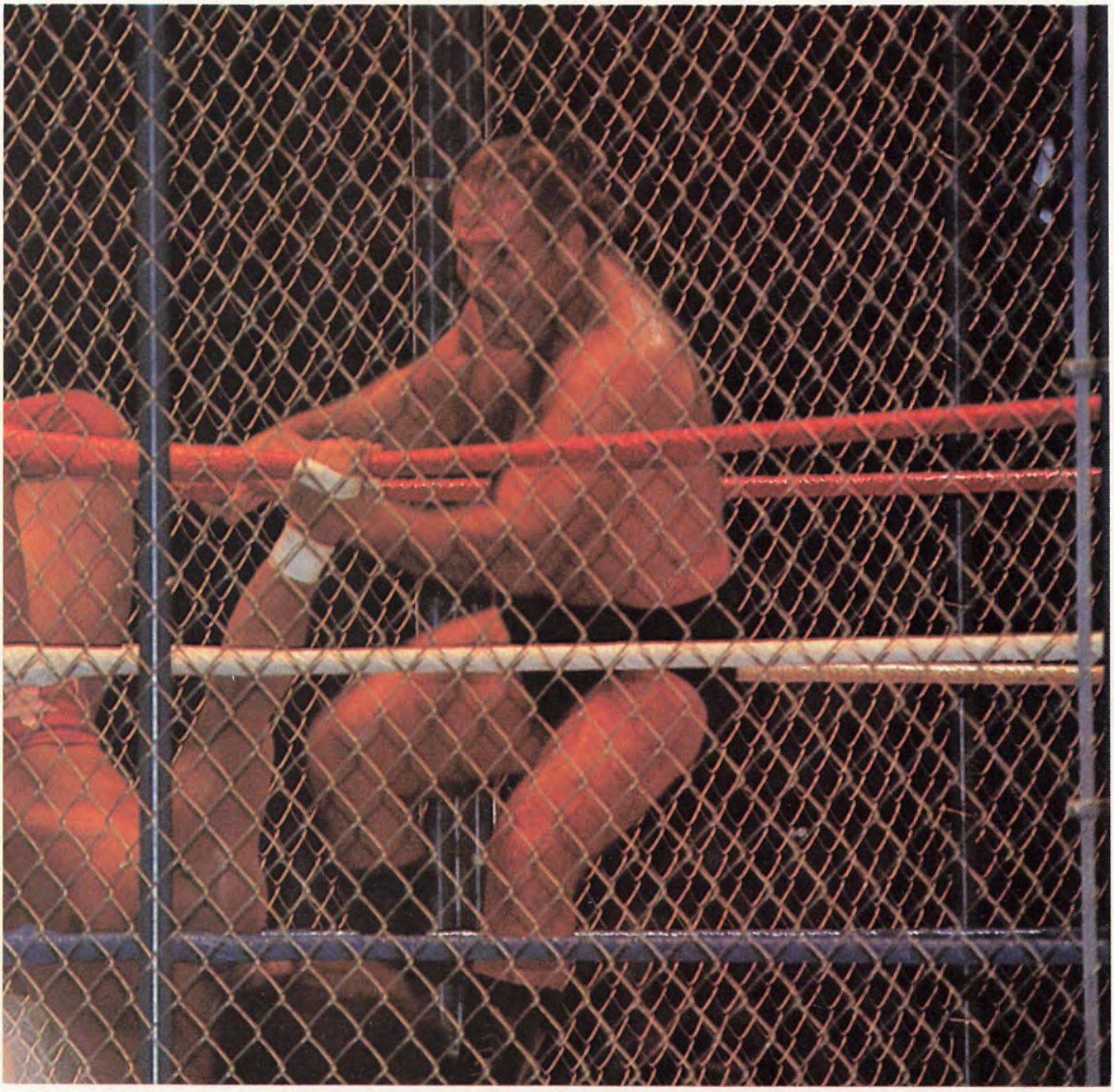
"I will pledge this to the good fans of Texas, and make sure you include this in your story," he said. "I will be a true champion, a role model in and out of the ring. I will make the World Class championship the most honored in professional wrestling." ■

Color photo by Jimmy Papa

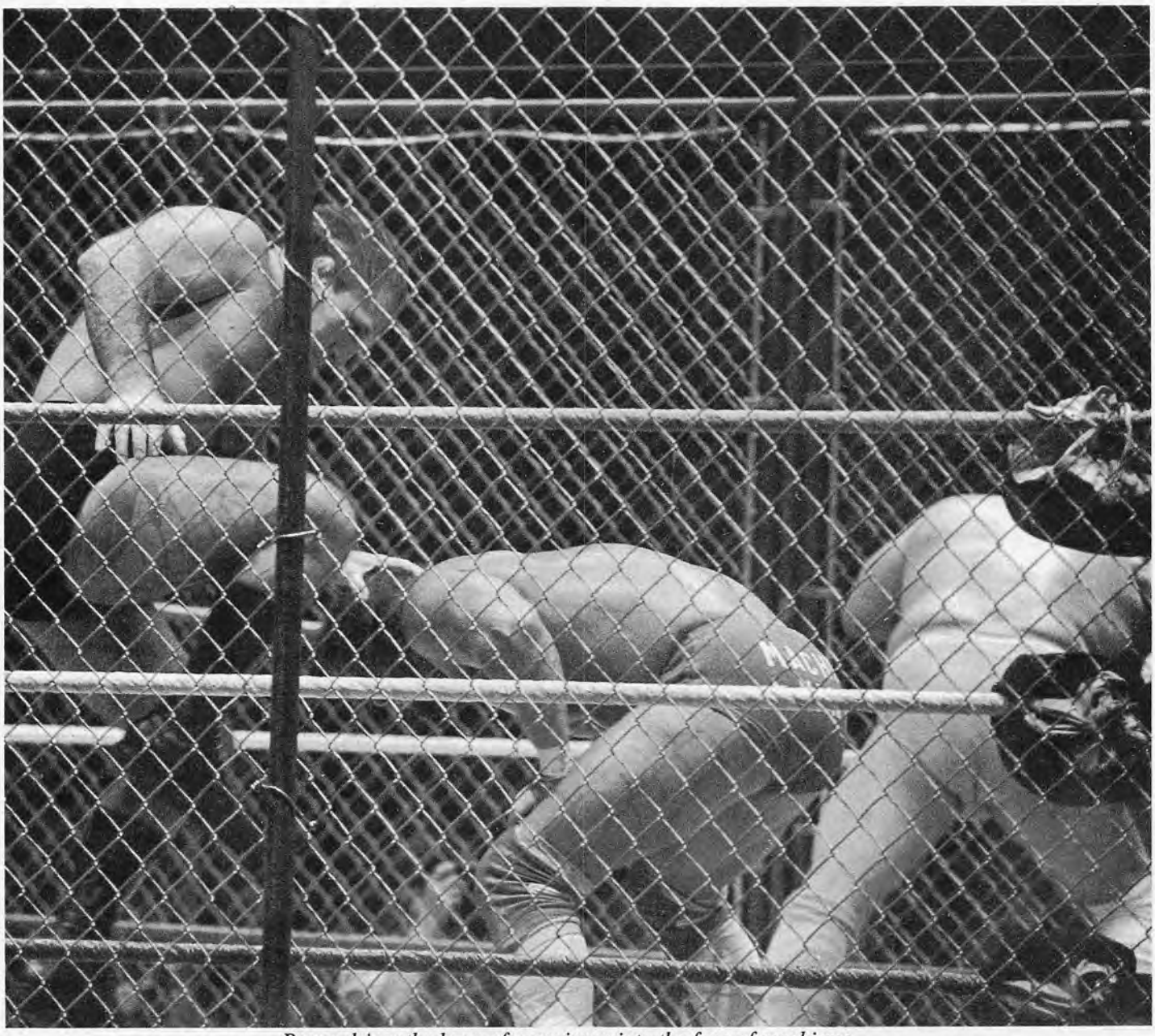


The Living Legend Returns:

"I'M NOT TOO OLD TO GET IN THE CAGE!"



The Living Legend is back and ready to brawl, especially with the likes of Adrian Adonis. Bruno makes it no secret that Adonis' lifestyle disgusts him, but he could be making a big mistake getting into the Steel Cage. Adonis is no prancing daisy.



Photos by John Barret

Bruno drives the knee of experience into the face of machismo.

By DIGGER MOLLOY

Certain athletes conjure images which are not of their own choosing. Bruno Sammartino has always wanted to be the finest, fittest wrestler in the world. But he embodies and vivifies photographs of old times in hot cities, the big-time wrestling of the past; images that men like myself have somehow survived, and shamelessly ennobled; images that children frustrated with the present tense cultivate in their solitude.

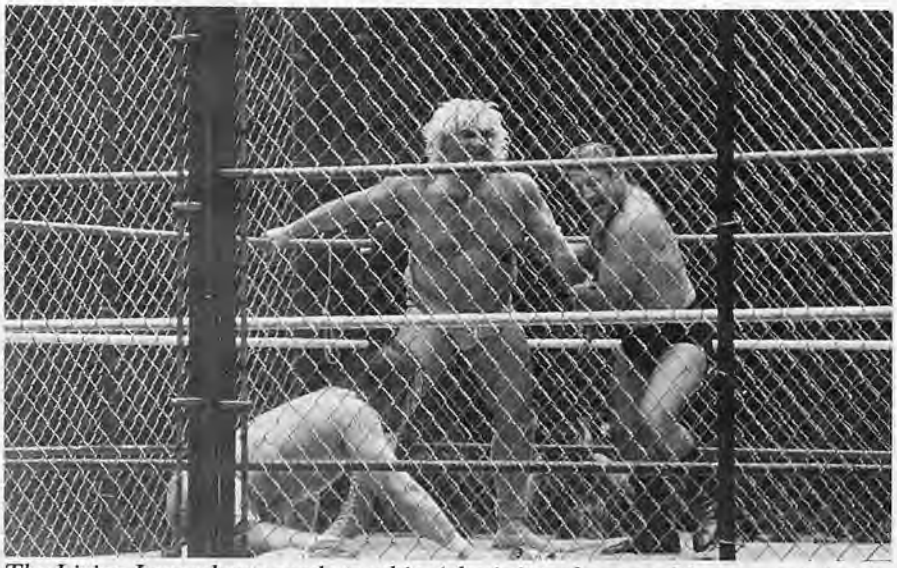
Bruno Sammartino means: sawdust ingrained in old carpenters' skin. Bruno means cigar ashes flicked and doused immediately in the vinigrette beer suds of the arena floor. Bruno means the barber shop run by the crabby barber with eczema whose asistant blocked hats for the patrons when his chair was empty. Bruno is Mickey Mantle, not Joe Pepitone; Don Mattingly, not Rickey Henderson.

Bruno is an old reformer gladhanding at a street fair, not a new reformer gladhanding at a new wave bistro. Bruno means an era, whether he likes it or not.

What goes around comes around. Bruno is back, and this ain't no teaser nostalgia trip. As always, Bruno is in better shape than most of the post-adolescent protein shake fakirs press-and-slamming their way up the current charges. Hell, Bruno can wrestle till he's ninety. He'd never dissipate himself.

But why is Bruno returning? What's in it for him?

Let us initially mention a common theory. It could be that Bruno, the man who dominated the WWF for the better aprt of two decades (most of which were spent as World Champion), resents the deification of the great St. Hogan. Truth to tell, it must be degrading for Bruno to broadcast WWF tee wee programs under wraps of silence as far as objectivity is concerned; it is



The Living Legend gets ready to whip Adonis into the cage. It's no secret that he doesn't condone Adrian's outrageous lifestyle.

no doubt impossible for Bruno to 'fess up his true feelings about the Bulk without losing a valuable paycheck. Fans who saw the *NBC Sportsworld* special on wrestling in the spring of 1985 witnessed a deft example of Bruno damning Hogan with faint praise; "Well, when I wuz 'rasslin' we had a guy named Superstar Billy Graham who wuz a lot like Hogan . . . the fans enjoy it, but . . ." (This is damning with faint praise because, at the time, a hopelessly over-the-hill Superstar was being consistently pounded by the mediocre likes of Pez Whatley and Manny Fernandez.)

This theory is generally advanced by older fans and insiders, who rightfully take umbrage at the Hype-a-mania machine and long for the old days when the only people who liked wrestling were imbecilic fanatics. A couple of jaundiced comments are in order here. For one thing, no veterans' sour grapes such as Bruno may suffer can equal the agony innocent fans suffer by hearing his semi-literate semi-commentary on the tube. "I dunno, Vince . . . 'dis is a very arrogant individual . . ." Quoting Bruno from his commentary is nearly impossible, because he never embellishes the press releases the way a good wrestling announcer must. Listening to Bruno point/counterpointing his boss makes the term "second banana" obsolete; higher integers are necessary.

Alright, alright, Bruno and a million other rasslecasters stink, so what? Theory two is more germane to the issue of WHY BRUNO MADE A COMEBACK than his feelings about Hogan. He probably couldn't care less about Hogan, except for a nagging wistfulness that there wasn't a Wrestlemania in 1965.

Theory two is that Bruno is genuinely disgusted by duh likes of Roddy Piper and Adrian Adonis. I think it is absolutely correct.

Piper is on tour and, from our sources, radically altering his style and ring philosophy. So forget about him for the moment. And forget about Randy Savage, a man whom Bruno deeply admires for his wrestling ability but disdains for his "arrogance" (read: individualism and misogyny). The man who really burns Bruno's pepperoni is Adrian Adonis.

Adrian Adonis is too modern for Bruno Sammartino. Forget the gay angle. Bruno is truly, personally appalled by that, to be sure; Adonis as Gorgeous George would be alright to him, but Adonis as an Eighties drag queen spouting double entendres is too powerful a stun-gun to Bruno's Cold War psyche. Adrian Adonis may not be amoral, but he hides his morals, which is worse to a man with the ethics of the Old Country. He mocks his responsibilities as a man.

But there's more to it than that. Adorable Adrian is a *challenge* to Bruno, because of his excellence "in that ring". Adonis has always been one of the greatest wrestlers in the world, but it has taken his new persona to get media attention and singles title shots (in case you're wondering why the New Yorker's so "outrageous"...) Bruno wants to beat Adonis to a pulp to prove his eternal ring genius. And, pursuing the Hogan theory again, if he can defeat Adonis where Hulk has failed to win *convincingly,* what would that tell the world?

Digger Molloy is dubious. Because I know that Hulk Hogan *IS* the Bruno of our time, and vice versa. I can tell you I wrestled Bruno, but I cannot give any more details because it could reveal my identity. But I can tell you from personal experience and from the knife of the times (the Sixties, early Seventies) that Bruno was criticized for exactly the same reasons Hogan is today. You hear fans and wrestlers and journalists constantly kvetching about how Hogan can't wrestle a lick, that's that he's an inveterate brawler who fights dirty to win in tune with the fans' cheers (who don't care if he gouges and backrakes or not). This is true. But it was equally true of Bruno in his prime. He was a kicker and a puncher, mostly. He was brilliant in the application of relatively advanced armlocks and leglocks, but he lacked the imagination to do anything with them once they were applied. The "legendary" 76-minute match Bruno had with Pedro Morales in Shea Stadium was described by any number of impartial observers as "the most boring match I've ever seen," with Morales having the strategic edge in the eventual draw.

I couldn't count how many times I've heard NWA officials and wrestlers (back when there was a *real* NWA) ridicule Bruno for the same reasons non-WWF bigwigs and grapplers criticize Hogan now. Bruno was all show biz, they'd say, a circus sideshow for the Garden.

So do me a favor, Bruno. Double-underhook suplex Adrian Adonis. If you can do so, then you've defeated the past I remember. ■

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BRITISH BULLDOGS: CANINE SCIENCE, HUMAN EXCELLENCE

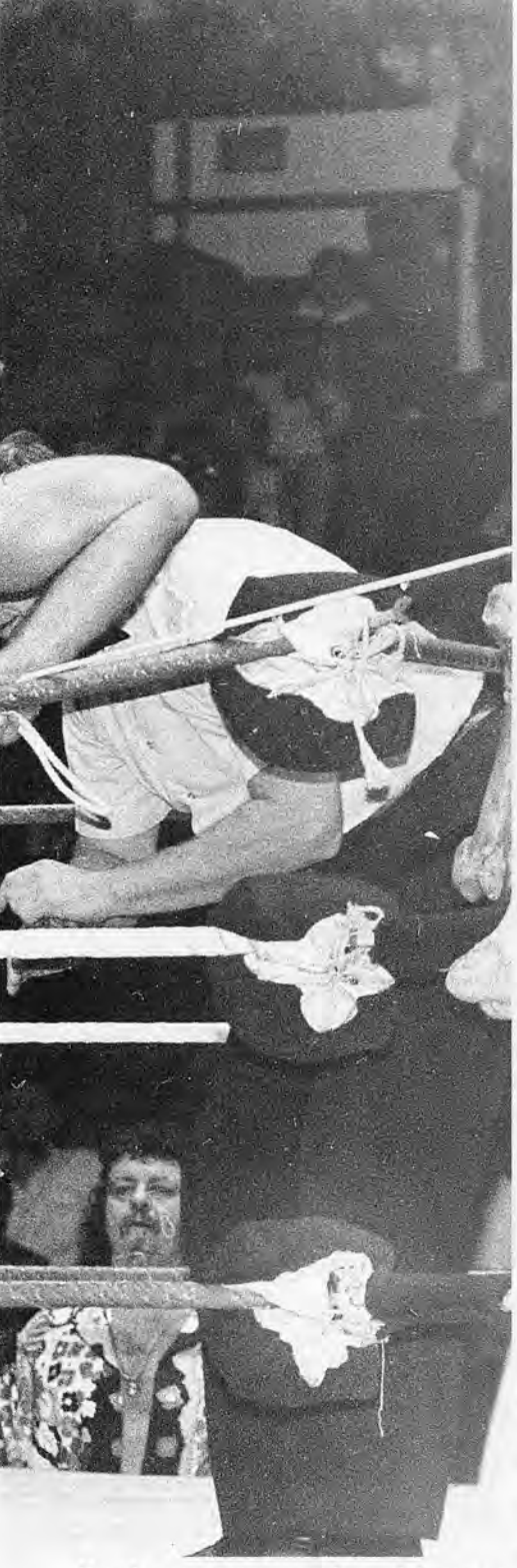
The British Bulldogs continue to stun fans as well as wrestlers with their high flying snappy-suplex technique. This month, WME takes a closer look at these pristine canine machines.

By JIM SCHUERMAN

The British Bulldogs refuse to beat up slouches in training. Prelim bums need not apply for the job of sparring partner with the Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith. It's acceptable to have a losing record, but they better be *distinguished* drops of the nod.

The Bulldog's insistence upon quality sparring partners frustrates manager Lou Albano for two reasons. He has an extremely difficult time finding excellence in the domain of scrubs; most moderately gifted "club grapplers" are too proud to spar. More troubling to Albano is the very real possibility of injury in training; a forearm smash with the proper trajectory could break a nose and cancel a few months' worth of championship paychecks.

On this cloudburst-drenched morning, the Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy



Capt. Lou's champion Bulldogs and his former champs the Moondogs get it on doggy style in a "kennel classic."

Smith were training with a pub bouncer and an undercover bunco squad detective, both of whom wrestled part-time for a local independent promotion when the collection agencies came a-harassin'. No ring geniuses by a long shot, but they were a hell of a lot like the Bulldogs' next opponents in style and physique. The cop was fairly scientific and completely expressionless, with a mean Bob Roopish shoulderbreaker highlighting his repertoire. The bouncer was a brawler whose crushing headlocks were considerbley more lethal than they looked. They were both built like beer kegs, the old-fashioned kind in barrels. They were the closest thing to the Moondogs Kid and Smith could dig up on short notice.

Lou Albano was scouting in another part of the country; he was taking a later flight to catch the title match. But Albano has traditionally specialized in carving talent from boulders of unassimilated savagery (like the Moondogs, f'rinstance). He'd be the first to tell you that the Bulldogs primarily train themselves, and he concentrates on the business angles.

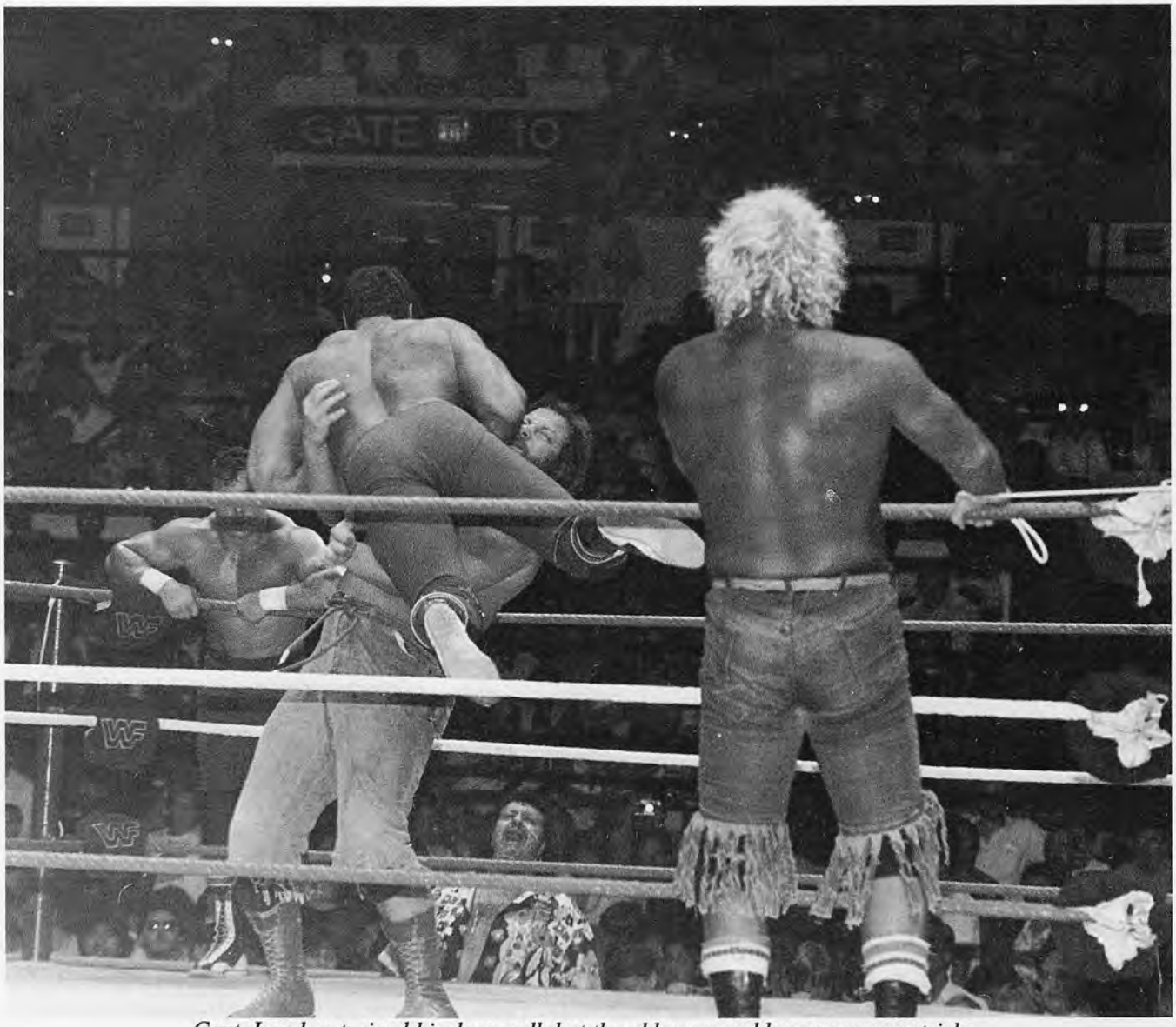
The sparring session ended with the bouncer sweating and wheezing and flat on his back, with a face redder than borscht. "My kidneys hurt," he mumbled, and slunk off to the locker room, where his breakfast landed all over the benches. Another victim of the fastest suplex in the Western workd, the Dynamite Kids.

The Bulldogs followed, with the bouncer's apologetic partner offering effusive apologies for the abrupt cessation of training. When they saw the runny lumps of breakfast, Davey Boy comically held his nose and made a face while the Kid laughed. "Oh man, somebody get a mop," the cop muttered. Kid winked and whispered conspiratorially, "That's not the first time my suplex has done that to a man."

After they had showered and dressed, I had the opportunity to discuss strategy with the Bulldogs before they left to meet their manager at the airport. The normally taciturn Bulldogs, who prefer to let Albano do the talking for them in most interviews, were quite eager to discuss the aesthetics of wrestling—they seem too analytical about their opponents to hate them.

Davey Boy Smith on the Moondogs: "They're big underdogs in this match, not only because they're relatively low in the tag team ratings but because we have the services of their old manager. But they're as tough as any team in the WWF. They're former champions themselves, and they want to prove they're not as dumb as they look. Anyone who wrestles with Spot's intelligence doesn't need a nursemaid at ringside."

The Dynamite Kid on the Iron Sheik and Nikolai Volkoff: "Sheik is the master of suplexes, next to me. Wrestling them has been, dare I say, a pleasure when they refrain from gouging and groin-kicking. Their anti-American rantings don't mean a whit to me.



Capt. Lou has trained his dogs well, but the old ones could use some new tricks.

I prefer to grapple, and leave the ideology to Maggie Thatcher. Of course, I wish those chaps could do the same."

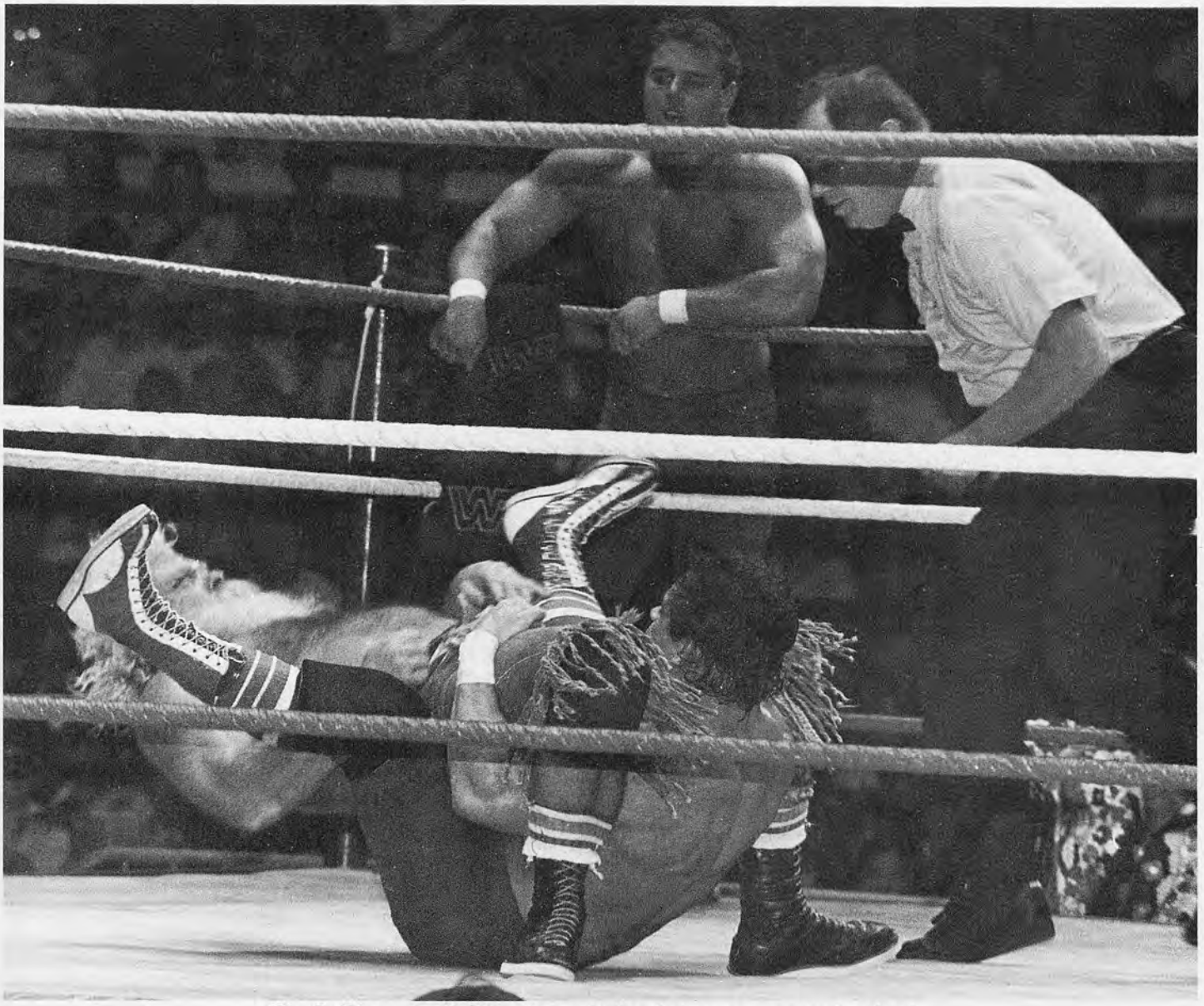
Smith on Brutus Beefcake and Greg Valentine: "Tommy (Kid) and I were nauseated with the whining they did after we beat them for the title. They are fine athletes, and shouldn't comport themselves like children whose toys have been taken away. I'll credit Beefcake for his rapid improvement in technique; I honestly think we pushed him to his limits, and he's a better grappler for it."

Kid on the Funk "brothers": "I pinned posters of Mr. Funk to the wall of my flat when I was a teenager, wrestling as an amateur middleweight and dreaming of professional fame and fortune. I suppose I feel like one of your baseball pitchers against Pete Rose when I wrestle him. I must be constatnly on guard against hero worship. Jimmy Jack or no, I think the ultimate match would be Davy and I against Mr. Funk and Harley Race."

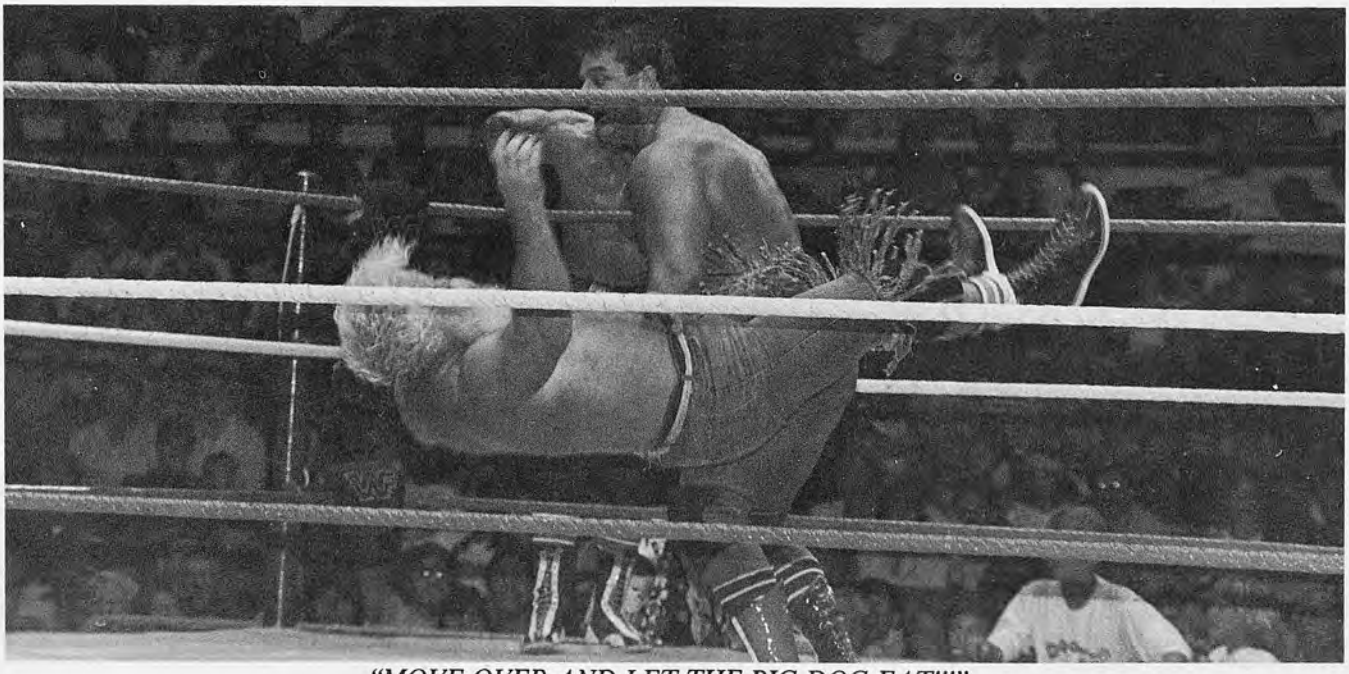
"You say it's show biz, we say look at the Bulldogs in the ring."

Kid and Smith on criticisms of the WWF: "We may sound prejudiced, but we believe (the criticisms are) unfounded. You say it's show biz, we say look at the Bulldogs in the ring. The only men we have wrestled who could be considered sideshow attractions are Bundy and Studd, and even they have challenged us by forcing us to alter our style to accomodate the reality of sheer bulk. The WWF talent roster is the strongest in wrestling, especially in the tag team sector. We can defeat the Road Warriors and the Midnight Express, unquestionably. We intend to elevate the WWF tag team title to an undisputed position of being the greatest in all wrestling. We *demanded* a match with the Moondogs, against the promoters' wishes, for we knew they would test our skills no matter what their rating was."

The British Bulldogs are indeed the standard of excellence with which all contemporaneous tag teams are measured. Slavish imitators abound, but if you want to see A MATCH. . . . ■

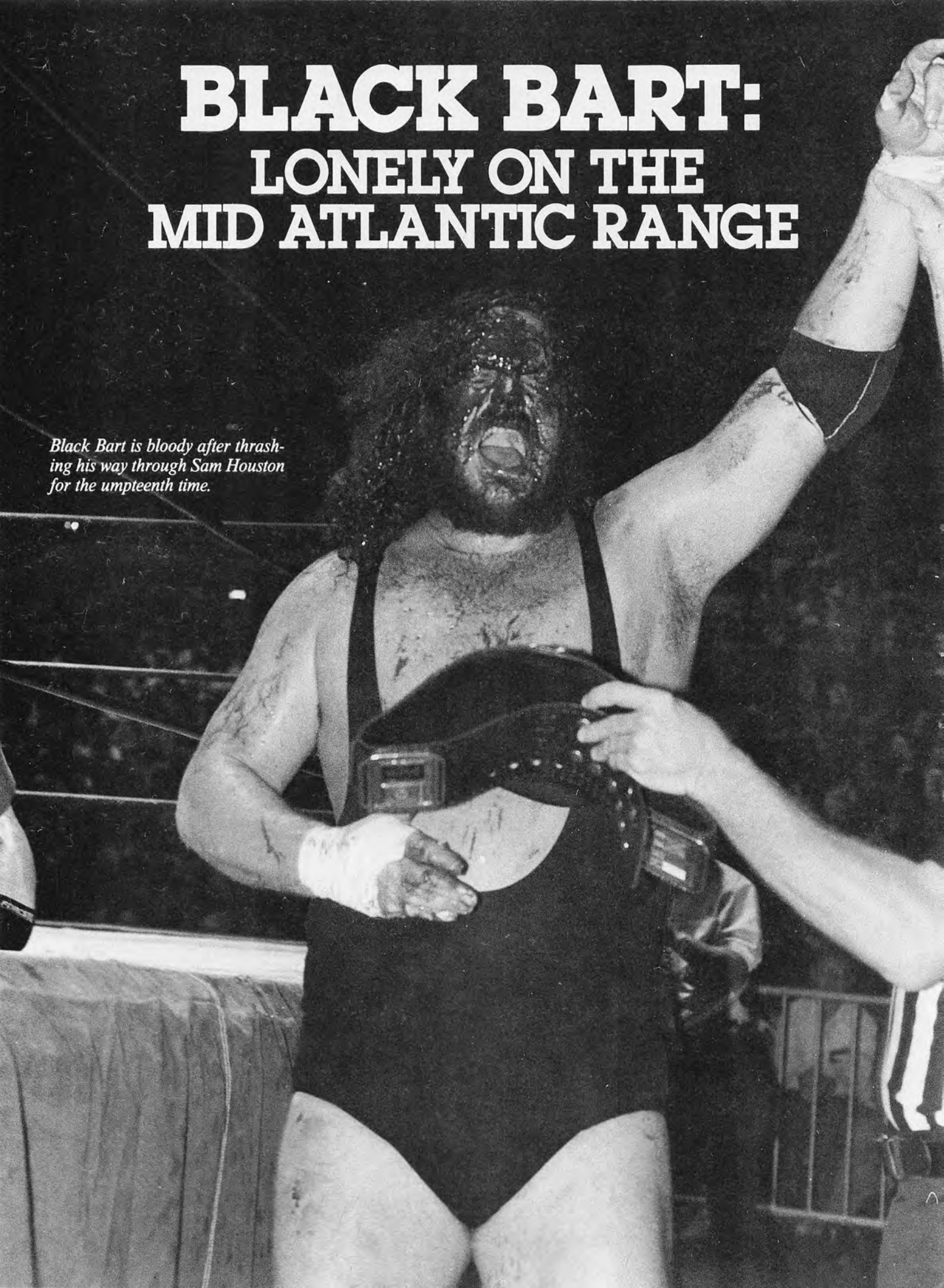


The Bulldogs excelled in science during their tenure at attack school.



"MOVE OVER AND LET THE BIG DOG EAT!!!"

BLACK BART:
LONELY ON THE MID ATLANTIC RANGE



Black Bart is bloody after thrashing his way through Sam Houston for the umpteenth time.

It's not unusual that a superlative wrestler gets buried in the morass of a big-time promotion's hierarchy of title contenders. It is unusual when it happens to a wrestler who is a champion in his own right.

By JIM SCHUERMAN

Meet Black Bart, the mid-Atlantic champion. I'm sure you've met him before, grappling for you in the ring or in the static pages of the wrestling press. But introductions for a feature story may be necessary.

Black Bart is one of the most underrated wrestlers in the sport. He wins titles and raises seven levels of hell wherever he competes, but he scarcely receives attention from the fans *or* the media.

Bart's in the peculiar middle rung of World Championship Wrestling contenders, with or without a strap of any sort around his waist. Flair, Dusty, Magnum, Nikita—those are the guys sitting pretty in black-windowed limos. There is also an endless succession of prelim bums, who are in their own way the lifeblood of wrestling—*somebody* has to lose a lot to counter-weight the big shots' won-loss percentages (the statistical Law of Averages demands that "x" amount of wrestlers stink).

And then there's a curious substrata of decent-to-excellent wrestlers. They can't seem to break into main events, but skill and chance could carry them to prime paychecks on any given night (or morning, as the case is with the television tapings in which these wrestlers usually get their shots at the top contenders.) In this category you find men like Sam Houston, Thunderfoot, the Italian Stallion, Rocky Kernodle—admirable athletes who skirt the lower branches of the Top Twenty and move unpredictably in and out of the limelight.

Black Bart belongs in this category, through perhaps no fault of his own.

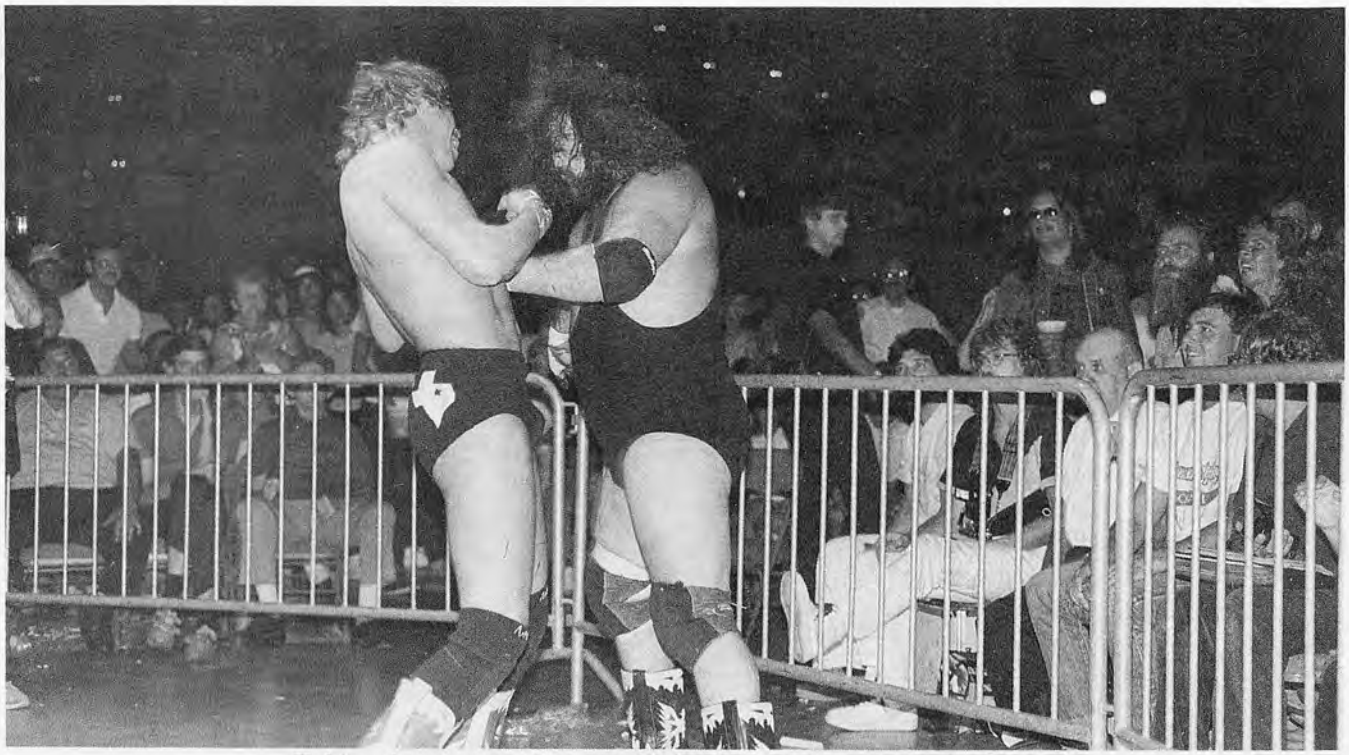
WCW has a lot of championships, which is certainly a fine practice. In singles competition, the titles have this order of prestige: World, U.S., National, TV, and Mid-Atlantic. Dusty Rhodes, Magnum/Koloff (whoever it turns out to be), Tully Blanchard, Arn Anderson, and Black Bart are thusly rated, and appreciated in about that order. It makes no difference if, say, I would rank Tully Blanchard as the most talented of the bunch and both TA and Nikita wallow at the bottom of the pack objectively (which I would). The Mid-Atlantic champ covets the TV title and above, the TV champ covets the National belt and more, and so on. The World champion, of course, has ascended to the peak of Space Mountain and there is nothing else for him to do but dig in his heels and defend his turf.

Sam Houston gets ready to pull Black Bart into the ring and make another stab at the too often overlooked Mid Atlantic title.

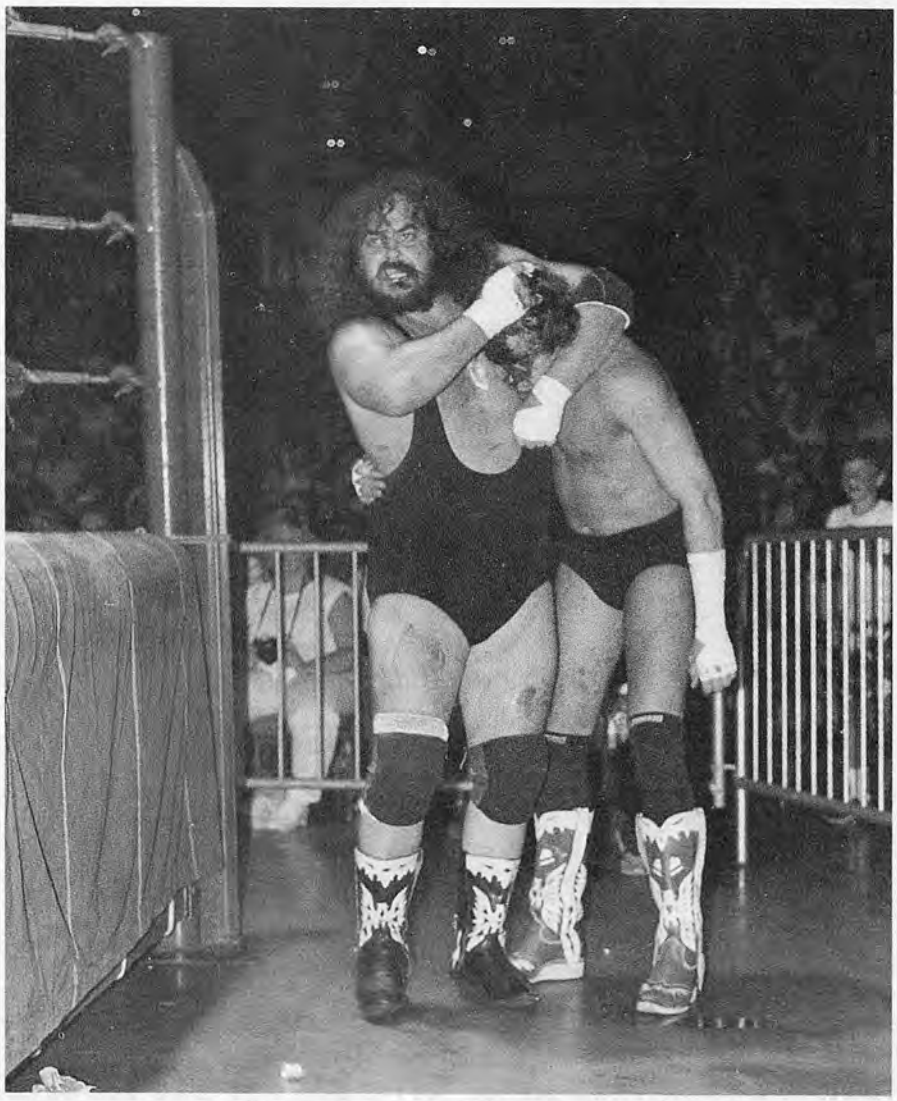
This hierarcy has unfairly diminished Black Bar's standing, due to the lack of truly threatening competition. The best wrestlers in WCW couldn't give two faming cow pies about the Mid-Atlantic title, and for good reason. In the past, the Mid-Atlantic title was the biggest can of beans in the region, but WCW is not "regional" anymore. In effect, Black Bart's title is an archaic remnant of a "Mid-Atlantic" base which now serves as backyard for a nationally syndicated empire.

So Black Bart, who held the third rung of the WCW singles title hierarchy—the National belt—as recently as a year ago, snarls and thrashes his way through a succession of half-good nonentities. One of the oldest and truest saws in wrestling is

Color photo by Robert Riddick



Taking the ornery outlaw out of the ring can be a fatal mistake. . . .



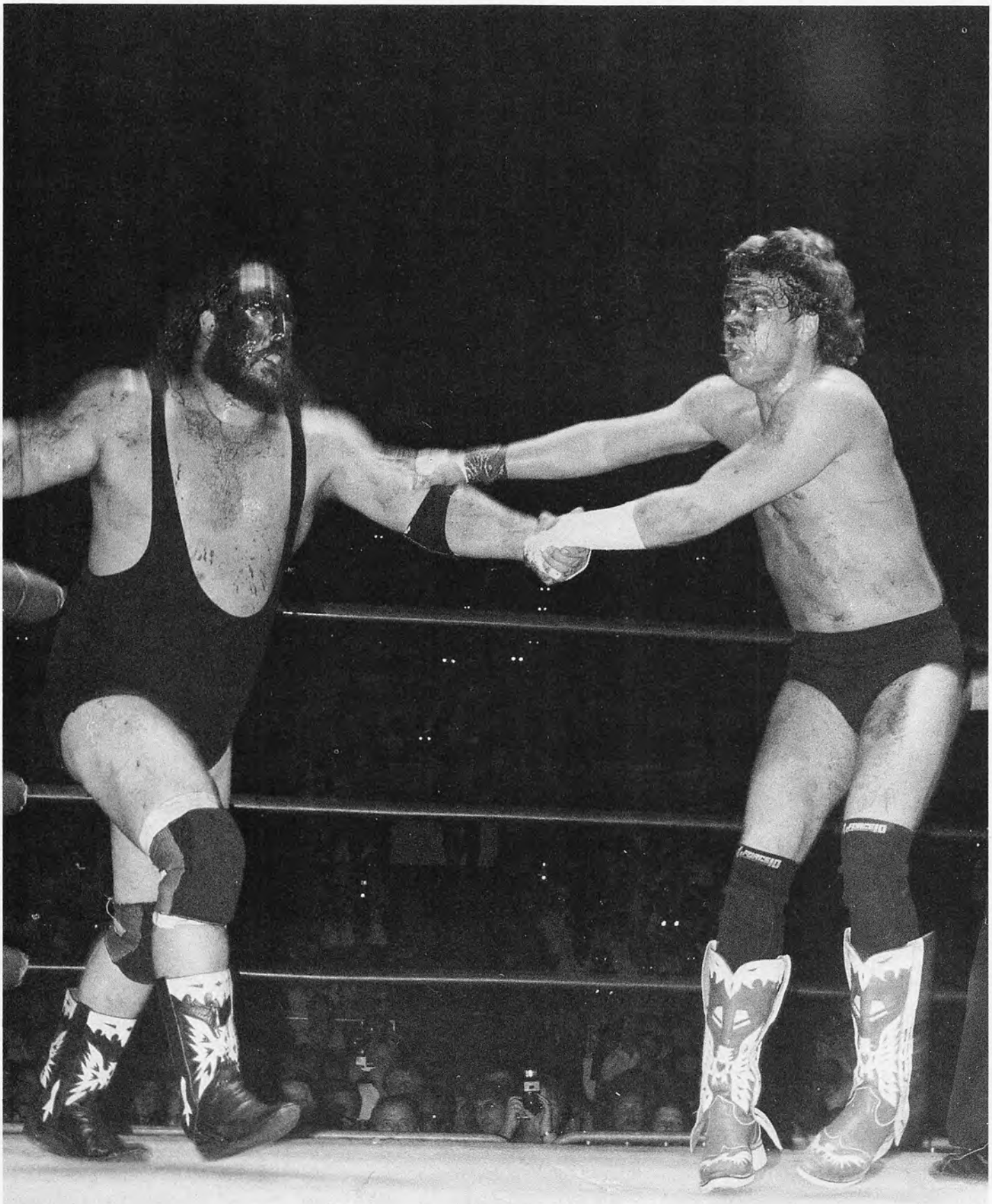
. . . as Houston is about to discover the hard way.

that "a champion is only as good as his competition." As long as Bart's burdened with the likes of Sam Houston, he cannot prove his abilities to the fullest (as he did in his epic battles against the irrepressible Ronnie Garvin last year).

But I think the final word goes to an informant of mine—er, unimpeachable source—who contacted me in the dressing room shortly before a dreary Bart-Houston match I was assigned to cover. "Hey, Jimbo," he said urgently, tugging at my sweaty red qiana shirtsleeve, "I may have copped a big scoop for you. I have it on good authority that Thunderfoot's really Sam Houston!!!"

My indifference aout this unsubstantiated rumor was, to put it mildly, unqualified. The day I'd bother spending weeks tracking down a scrub like Thunderfoot's true identity is the night I stop draming about being accidentally padlocked in a bomb shelter with Missy Hyatt, Dark Journey, Fallen Angel, a freezer full of porterhouse and a stack of Billie Holiday records.

I mean, Black Bart deserves better than a Sam Houston controversy. Suffice to say that he named himself after an outlaw, and the other guy named himself after a bigoted statesman with hemhorrhoids. Take a bow, champ. ■



Ole Anderson wants to cripple Dusty.

Ric Flair wants to decapitate the Dream.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN
DEMANDING JUSTICE TEXAS STYLE

By ROBERT RIDDICK

The Leisure Inn on the outskirts of downtown Charlotte, North Carolina is an elegant, yet reserved place for those who like to spend their time relaxing in a laid back, yet fairly priced hotel—for those who wish to have some time to unwind, relax, and think about events coming up in their paths. It was in this very hotel that I ran into three of the Four Horsemen, one day following Dusty Rhodes' title win over the former World's Champion "Nature Boy" Ric Flair. Yet, the look on the faces of Ole and Arn Anderson and National Heavyweight Champion Tully Blanchard was anything but dejection.

"I still can't believe it", said World Television Champ Arn. "That Rhodes just never stops. After almost ending his career last year, I thought for sure that by now the man would know better than to try and get under the skin of the four horsemen, but some people never learn." "You know something?", asked Blanchard, "JJ is still on the phone in his room talking to reporters about what happened last night, and

Arn Anderson is prepared for the war.

Tully Blancard has been trying to end Dusty's career for years.

Photos by Robert Riddick

The news stunned the world: On July 26, 1986, Dusty Rhodes pinned Ric Flair and regained the NWA Heavyweight Campionship of the World. Still, no one was more stunned than the Four Horsemen, who are only too eager to savor some revenge.

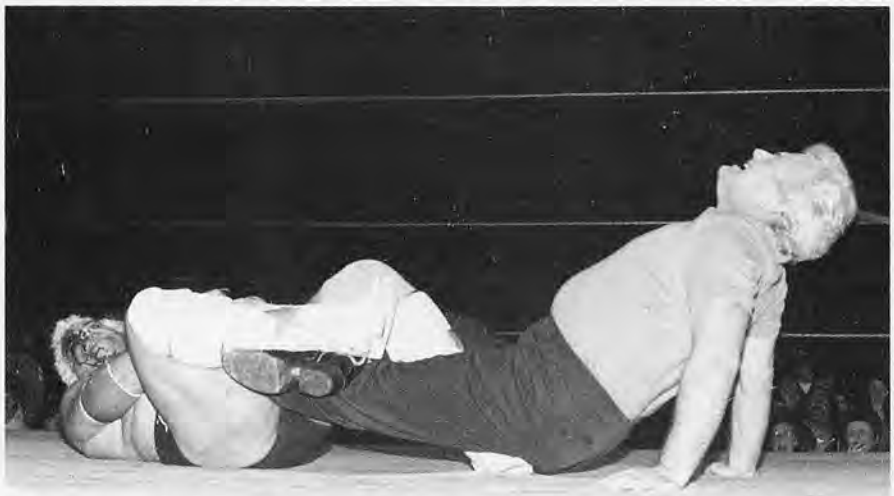
the one question he kept on answering was about what affect this will have on the three other Horsemen" "But frankly," continued Tully, "what effect will it have on Ric?"

As the drinks we'd ordered arrived at the table, I noticed that the eldest member of the Horsemen still hadn't contributed anything to the conversation as of yet. The only thing that the "Rock" had done was stare intently at this reporter as I had listened to the words of Tully and Arn. As the warm Wild Turkey cracked over a glass of ice, Ole Anderson began to speak. "I guess you've been wondering why I'm quiet? The reason is that I'm thinking already about Dusty Rhodes, without the World's belt, in a wheelchair, announcing his retirement from professional wrestling. I know that you would like nothing better than to laugh right in my face, Arn's face, and Tully's. But you won't; and the reason you won't is that you know if even a slight smile comes across your lips, that you may not be able to ever use a typewriter again, and maybe not even walk! But getting back to Rhodes. January first, nineteen eighty-six. You know what happened on that night?" Blanchard and Arn say nothing, but their heads bobble slightly up and down as Ole continued. "That was the night that Rhodes, and those Road Warriors did their damnest to end my career. I had five months to think about nothing but getting that fat-ass plumber's son out of wrestling, not temporarily, but permanently! In the past I thought I had done the job in Atlanta a few years back in a parking lot. But he came back. Then I devised a plan to become one of the people's favorites for a year and a half just to bait Rhodes into becoming my tag team partner for a few matches. Just when I thought it was over then, my brother Lars came in to help out Rhodes, but that's all water under the bridge now."

"This year is definitely the last year Dusty Rhodes will be seen in professional wrestling. I've said in the past that it may not be over until one of us isn't even breathing, and you can damn well believe that it just may happen that way!" With that, Arn proposed a toast to the final nail being driven into Rhodes' coffin. "Here's to the end of Dusty Rhodes, the begin-

ning of Flair's fourth World title reign, and the continued success of the Four Horsemen!" As the four glasses crashed together, Ole got up from the table and excused himself, but before walking away, he turned around and added, "You're no doubt wondering why I didn't talk about Rhodes being the new World's Champion? Well, to answer that, all you have to do is take a good, long look at how long he held the world's title in his two reigns combined, and then look at the time Flair's held the belt, and you'll see why I don't even consider the man the World's Champion!"

Tully and Arn, who had remained silent and not even attempted to stop Ole's flow of words, were both staring at me as though I had just found the secret meaning of life. "Do you know that you have just had the rare privilege of getting that much from a man who isn't really that crazy about getting a lot of press on himself in magazines?" asked Tully, "You're a very lucky person. Ole lets his wrestling speak for itself most of the time, but today even I saw a side of the man that I hadn't seen before. It happened to me last year when I was fed up with Rhodes; when the man had me so wrapped up into trying to destroy him that I became . . ."



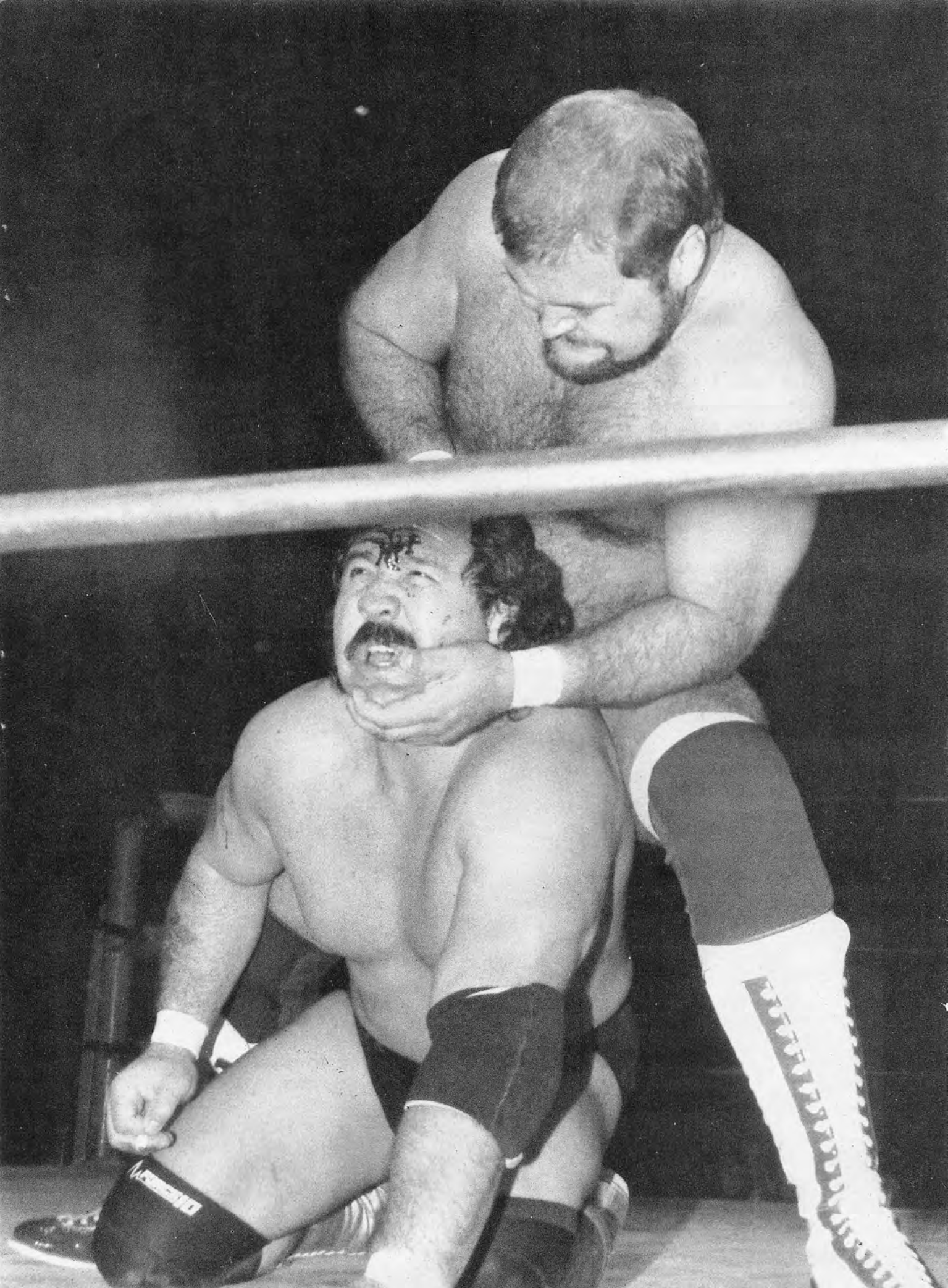
Dusty snaps the Figure Four on Horsemen advisor J.J. Dillon in the continuing battle against the Apocalyse of the Dream.

The Four Horsemen agree: murdering Dusty's friend Magnum T.A. isn't such a bad idea, either.

"Possessed", said Arn. "Sorry to interrupt, Tully, but it's something that has happened to all four of us at one time or another. This time though," said Arn, "It's like yellow fever! It's hit all of us again at the same time, but especially Ric. If you think Ole's obsessed with Rhodes, you should see my cousin." "You're right Arn, said Tully. "Flair's on a rampage like I've never seen him on before, and he's got every right to be. Since Rhodes entered this area, he gets everything that he wants. Even his buddies, Magnum, Garvin, and all the rest get what they want because Rhodes uses his influence on the promoters. I was cheated out of the US title a while back because Dusty's buddy Magnum wanted a match that the President of the NWA wouldn't even sanction was overruled by Jim Crockett because of Dusty. well, Rob my man, the American Dream is going to wake up to a western nightmre and real soon!"

What Tully means by a Western nightmare," said Arn, "Is to see that justice is served. For trying to cripple my cousin Ole, cheating my cousin Ric out of the World's title, conspiring with Garvin to get Tully's belt, and lining up people I've never even heard of to face me and hopefully beat me for my World's Television title, The Four Horsemen are going to track you down, Rhodes, like a lynch happy posse, and when we finally get you where we want you, justice will be served the way we feel it should!"

With that, the two remaining Horsemen excused themselves from the table and left the lounge. They had mentioned something about a meeting over at Ric's house set for later that evening, and based on the coments of the Andersons and Blanchard, that meeting may very well be the beginning of the end for Dusty Rhodes as an active professional wrestler. ■



MATCH OF THE MONTH

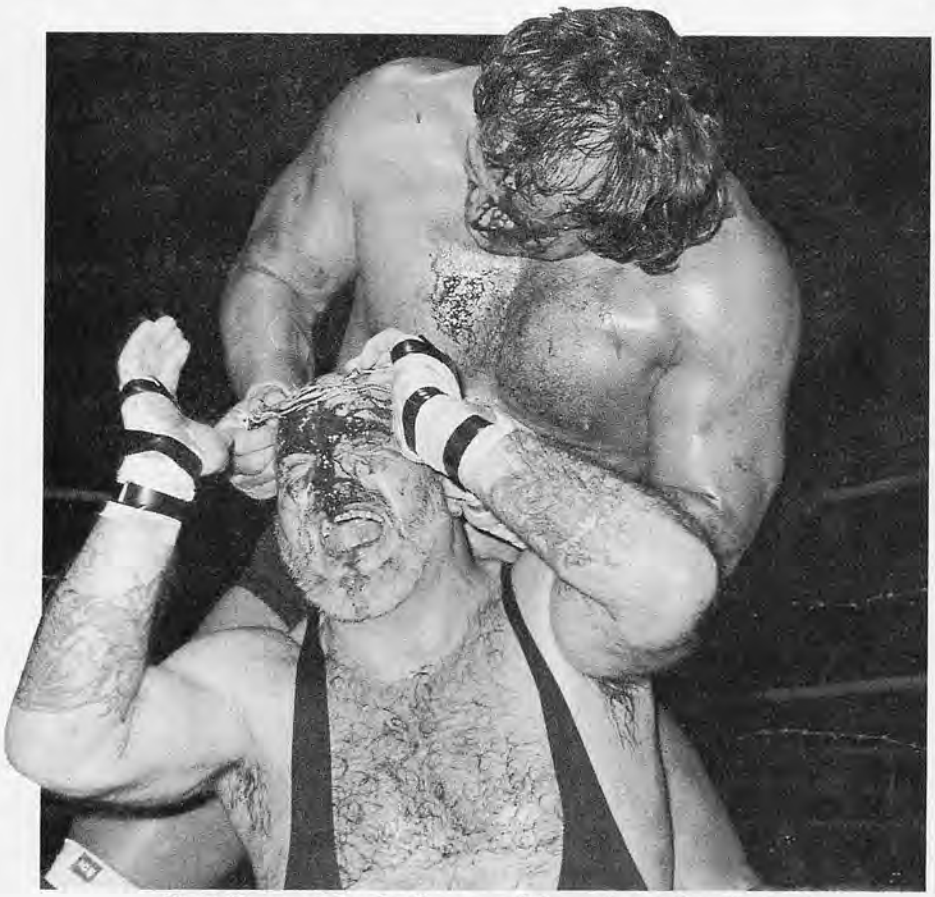
Gilley's, Pasadena, Texas

BARBED WIRE BLOODBATH: Jonathon Boyd vs. Scott Casey

This month, Editor Mike Edison took a trip to Texas to see Jonathon Boyd tangle with Scott Casey in a Barbed Wire Fence Match. His Nikon is still spattered with dried blood.

By MIKE EDISON

It was hell, hotter than that, even, inside of Gilley's Rodeo Arena. Dung-hungry flies circled above the ring in the heat of the spotlight, a goddam swarm of them ready to sup on any grappler willing to brave the Texas heat and the barbed wire. The barbed wire. It was that time of night, the time when ring attendants wearing thick leather gloves pensively wrapped the ring in the deadly stuff, careful not to tear themselves to ribbons on those cute little barbs. No—there is nothing cute about them. They cut flesh. They make people bleed. A lot.



Scott Casey sinks the "crown of thorns" into Boyd's skull.

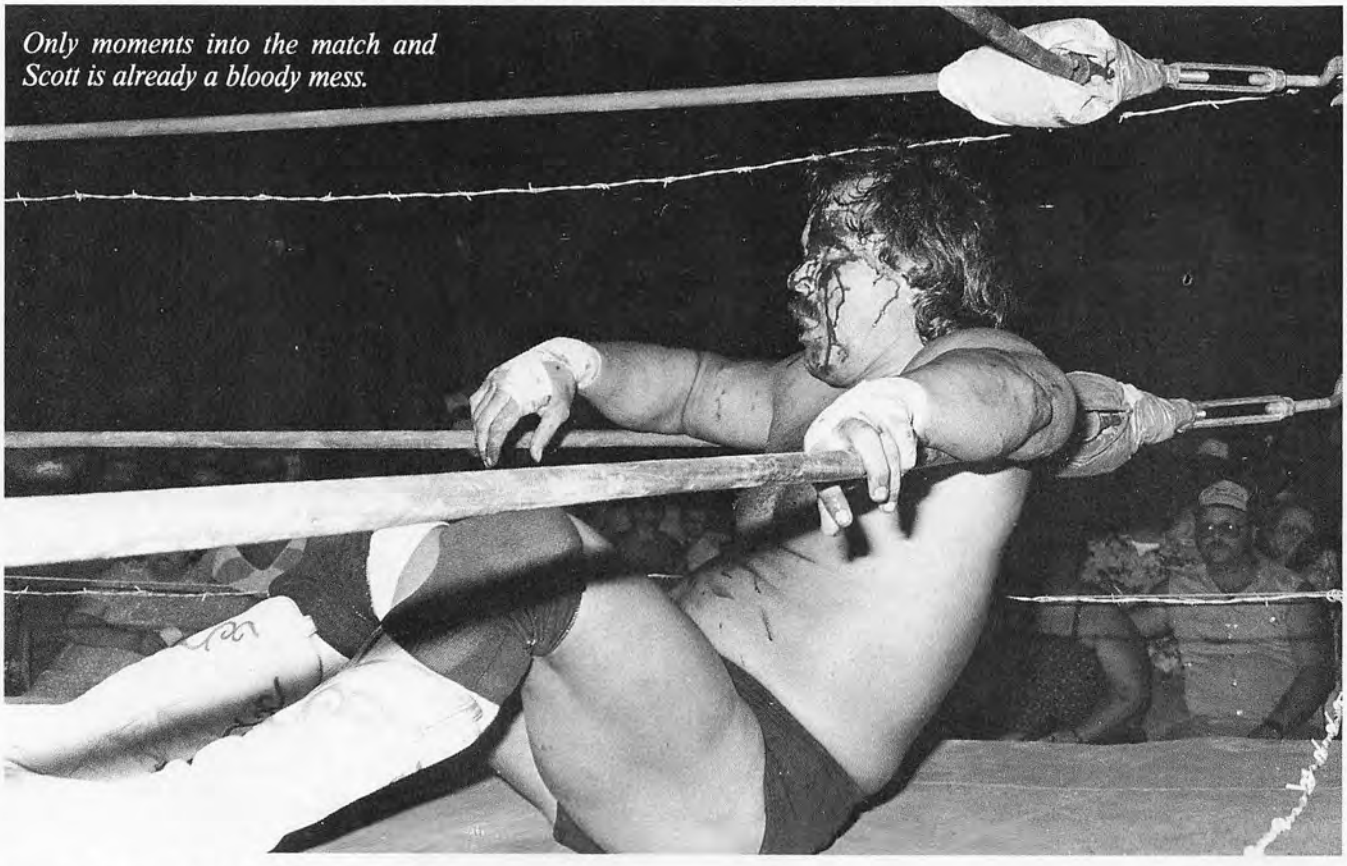
But this is Texas and this is USA All Star Wrestling, where bloodshed and brutality are the rule not the exception. Promoter Fred Baron twisted his face into a sick smile that said "give the people what they want . . . if they want blood we'll give'em *buckets* of it." Throw in some gruesome biblical imagery, a crown of thorns (barbed wire, really) for the loser and you have a match made in Heaven. A guaranteed bloodbath. Just what the promoter ordered.

In the dressing area, War Lord Jonathon Boyd paced eagerly and checked the tape on his hands. He craved this match. He thrives on bloodshed, especially Cowboy Scott Casey's. The two of them have been pounding each other to hamburger meat all over the Lone Star State and to slaughter the handsome Casey inside of Gilley's Cowboy Palace was going to be sweet. Like blood.

The bell rang through the arena calling for the grapplers to enter the ring. Jonathon entered first, the ring attendants gingerly holding the barbed wire

Photos by Mike Edison

The War Lord introduces Casey to his good friend the barbed wire.



Only moments into the match and Scott is already a bloody mess.

apart for him to enter. There was no reason to get cut just stepping in, there was plenty of time for that.

Boos and viscious jeers (Jonathon is one of the most hated men in Texas, especially in Gilley's) turned to unabashed applause for Scott Casey as he made his way to the squared circle and cautiously entered this ring of fire. The referee put the crown of barbs on a ringpost, ready to be jammed onto the loser's head. The crowd became much quieter after the bell to start was sounded; they knew what was at stake here, lives. A Barbed Wire Fence Match makes anything else look like a cake-walk. The Steel Cage, your Bull-rope and Chain matches . . . all stuff for fairies next to the dreaded barbed wire.

The two wrestlers circled each other trying to decide who was going to be the mongoose and who was going to be the snake. They locked up, collar and elbow and the flies waited patiently for the blood to flow. Scott Casey was the first to meet the barbed wire; Jonathon stunned him with a closed fist to the puss and then grabbing him by the hair ran his forehead across a deadly stretch of the unforgiving stuff. The crowd gasped in horror and few screams rang out. Somewhere in the arena women were crying. Even the promoter had to cringe. This was not wrestling, this was mortal combat.

Jonathon quickly made for the crown of thorns and vainly tried to force it onto Scott's head. He was rewarded with a boot in the midsection and Scott tossed it aside. His face was already covered in crimson, dripping off his chin mixed with salty sweat. The War Lord laid on the mat winded and the bloody cowboy introduced him to his good friend the barbed wire. Jonathon's head opened up like a can of sardines and pretty soon both men were splashing around in pools of their own blood. The referee was covered in a dark red drizzle of gore and he replaced the crown on the ringpost. More than a few fans decided it was time to go out for a cold one: what kind of maniacs were these men?

They stood toe to toe in the middle of the ring pounding each other's bloody faces into bright red pulp. Finally the popular Casey caught Boyd with a jab in the throat and the War Lord hit the mat. Casey ground his boot into Jonathon's torn pate and the crowd cheered him on as he went for the crown of thorns.

"AAAAARRRGGGHHHH!!!!!" Pain and anguish shone through Jonathon's crimson mask. The crown was on, the barbs hooked unmercilessly in his skull. Casey staggered out of the ring with the help of the referee and the ring crew. The War Lord bathed in a puddle of blood. Already the flies were beginning to descend like vultures. ■

Boyd tries to remove the barbed wire from his mangled pate.

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

The Sheepherders are bringing their violent ways to Florida.

WRESTLING'S TOP TWENTY

1. **Dusty Rhodes,** NWA World champion
2. **Ric Flair,** NWA contender
3. **Hulk Hogan,** WWF World champion
4. **Nick Bockwinkel,** AWA World champion
5. **Terry Gordy,** UWF World champion
6. **Chris Adams,** World Class World champion
7. **Randy Savage,** WWF Intercontinental champion
8. **Harley Race,** winner of WWF "King of the Ring" tournament
9. **Buzz Sawyer,** World Class Texas champion
10. **Terry Taylor,** UWF TV champion
11. **Tully Blanchard,** WCW National champion
12. **Nikita Koloff,** claimant to disputed WCW U.S. championship
13. **Lex Lugar,** Southern Heavyweight Champion
14. **Magnum TA,** claimant to disputed WCW U.S. championship
15. **Adrian Adonis,** WWF contender
16. **Rick Rude,** World Class contender
17. **Exotic Adrian Street,** Southeastern champion
18. **Paul Orndorff,** WWF contender
19. **Kevin Von Erich,** World Class contender
20. **Al Madril,** USA All Star Champion

TAG TEAMS

1. **The British Bulldogs,** The Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith; WWF champions
2. **The Midnight Express,** Dennis Condrey and Bobby Eaton; NWA champions
3. **The Road Warriors,** Hawk and Animal; winners of Crockett Memorial Cup tournament
4. **The Iron Sheik and Nikolai Volkoff,** WWF contenders
5. **The Rock and Roll Express,** Robert Gibson and Ricky Morton; NWA contenders
6. **Playboy Buddy Rose and Doug Somers,** AWA champions
7. **Eddie Gilbert and Sting,** UWF champions
8. **Jesse Barr and Dory Funk, Jr.,** WWF contenders
9. **Arn and Ole Anderson,** WCW Tag Team contenders
10. **The Fabulous Ones;** Steve Keirn and Stan Lane; Florida Tag Team Champions

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

Ric Flair

AWA

1. Nick Bockwinkel
2. Larry Zbyszko
3. The Barbarian
4. Jimmy Snuka
5. Sgt. Slaughter
6. Colonel DeBeers
7. Sherri Martel
8. Playboy Buddy Rose
9. Brad Rheingans
10. Curt Hennig

WWF

1. Hulk Hogan
2. Randy Savage
3. Harley Race
4. Adrian Adonis
5. Paul Orndorff
6. Rick Steamboat
7. Jake Roberts
8. The Magnificent Muraco
9. Pedro Morales
10. The Junkyard Dog

Nick Bockwinkel

WCW

1. Dusty Rhodes
2. Ric Flair
3. Tully Blanchard
4. Nikita Koloff
5. Magnum TA
6. Arn Anderson
7. Ronnie Garvin
8. Black Bart
9. Dick Murdoch
10. Jimmy Garvin

Hulk Hogan

MANAGERS

1. Bobby Heenan
2. Jimmy Hart
3. Jim Cornette
4. Skandor Akbar
5. J.J. Dillon
6. Sheik Adnan al-Kaissie
7. Paul Jones
8. Lou Albano
9. Sir Oliver Humperdink
10. Paul Ellering

Lex Lugar

FLORIDA

1. Lex Lugar
2. Ron Bass
3. Barry Windham
4. Chris Champion
5. Ed Gantner
6. Kendell Windham
7. Kareem Muhammed
8. Kendo Nagasaki
9. Steve Keirn
10. Stan Lane

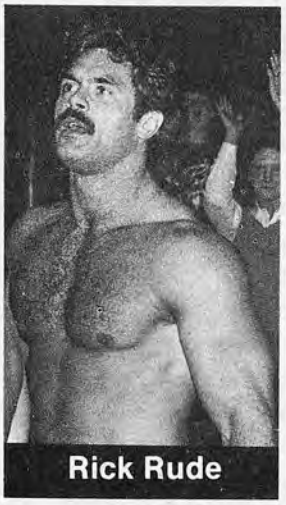
UWF

1. Terry Gordy
2. Terry Taylor
3. Hacksaw Duggan
4. Ted DiBiase
5. Chavo Guerrero
6. The Missing Link
7. Buddy Roberts
8. One Man Gang
9. Koko B. Ware
10. Johnny Tatum

Terry Gordy

WORLD CLASS

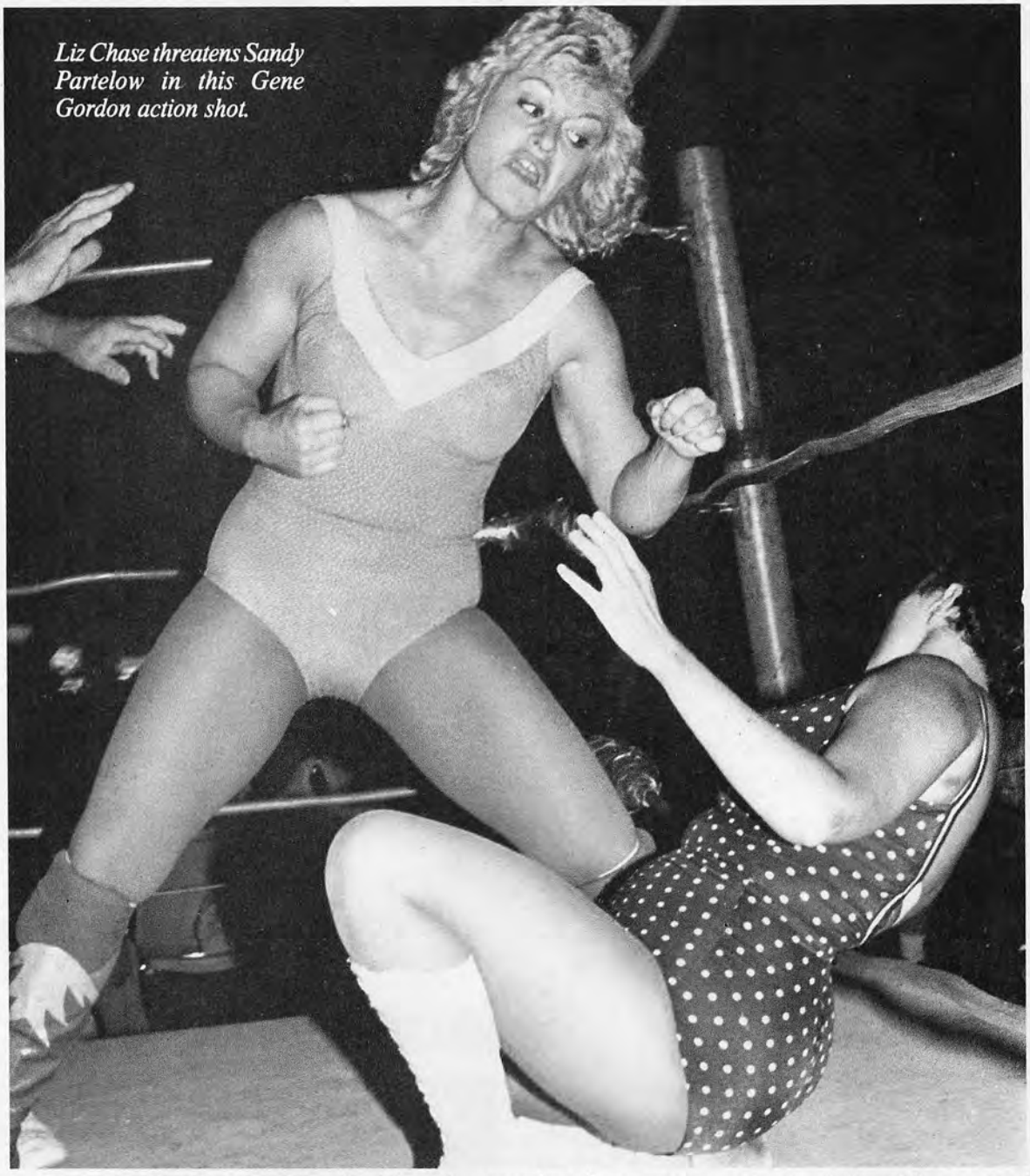
1. Chris Adams
2. Buzz Sawyer
3. Rick Rude
4. Kevin Von Erich
5. Lance Von Erich
6. Abdullah the Butcher
7. Bruiser Brody
8. Matt Borne
9. Brian Adias
10. The Great Kabuki


Rick Rude

USA ALL-STAR

1. Al Madril
2. Jonathon Boyd
3. Billy Joe Travis
4. Mike Golden
5. The Masked Grappler
6. Tanui
7. Iceman Parsons
8. Bigfoot
9. Bruiser Brody
10. Tiger Conway Jr.

Remembering Gene Gordon



Liz Chase threatens Sandy Partelow in this Gene Gordon action shot.

The entire wrestling world is saddened and diminished by the death of Gene Gordon, grappling photographer extraordinaire. Mr. Gordon passed away on July 7, 1986.

Gene Gordon was one of greatest and most influential of photograhers in wrestling, a Cartier-Bresson of the mat wars. Born on November 2, 1924, Mr. Gordon devoted more than forty years to the pursuit of excellence in his art. Aspiring photographers in our sport are to this day indebted to his timeless approach to recording ring action with the lens.

But Gene Gordon's contribution to the sport goes far beyond the dark room. He was a tireless, unpaid publicist for numerous young wrestlers who caught his fancy, using the influence of his renowned expertise to put in good words for fledgling careers. For Mr. Gordon was a fan, first and foremost, who deeply loved the sport and wished to do anything possible in its service.

Mr. Gordon will especially missed for his unceasing support of women's wrestling. "Gene stayed with us when the rest of world turned their backs," says *WME* writer Monica Lisben. "He didn't treat women's wrestling with ignorance or contempt."

Gene Gordon's photography, and the enduring respect of his peers, can serve as tribute and eulogy. ■

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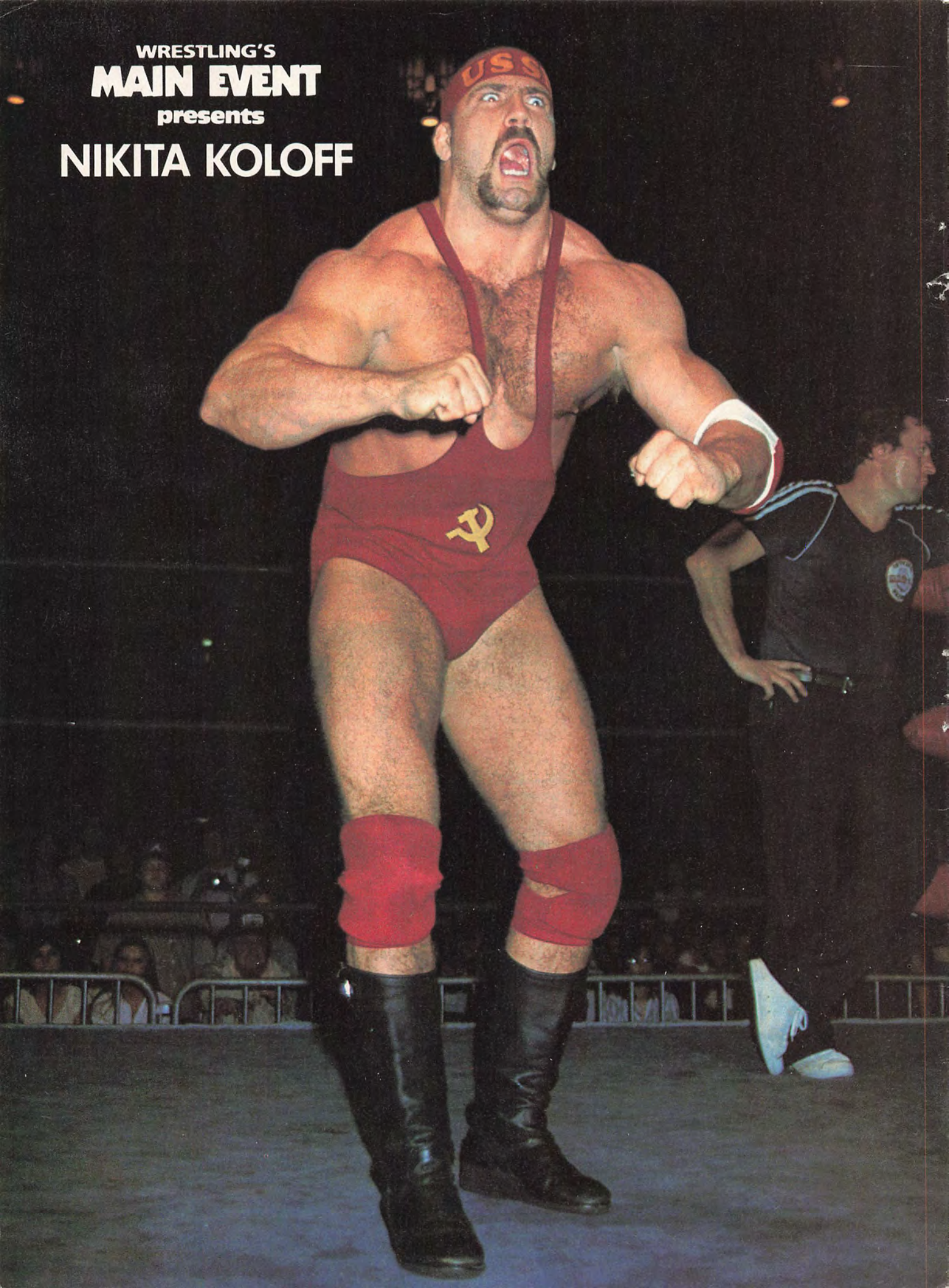
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